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THE BRISTOL BANQUET.

IF it is uncomfortable for a man who argues that his arguments should produce too little effect, it is also sometimes uncomfortable for him that they should produce too much effect. There is something irritating in the enthusiasm if a convert who all at once sees things in a new light, eclipses his teacher, and begins to teach the sacred truths on his own behalf. Liberals, thinking their political creed true, of course wish, not only to silence, but to convince their antagonists; but for mere pleasure they have lately convinced them a little too effectively. There is nothing left for Liberals to say. Not a single word was uttered at the Bristol banquet which might not have been uttered if it had been a Liberal gathering. Conservatism is so utterly wiped out that its very language is lost. Even parsons are no longer Conservatives. Archdeacon DENISON, who has long borne the character of a hot partisan, now says that he is an old Tory and therefore a true Reformer—a phrase which a year ago would have sounded a paradox, but which now seems natural enough. He can even give a sort of special and professional approval to the Reform Bill of last Session. He likes it very much for a reason of his own. It has, he tells us, the same affinity in temporal things which the Reformed Church of England has in spiritual things; and a finer, nobler, obscurer attribute of a Reform Bill than that it has an affinity generally, and not with anything in particular, it would be hard to discover. The ARCHDEACON saw, however, in this otherwise perfect Bill two defects; it gave encouragement to the representation of minorities, and it did not establish household suffrage in the counties. Certainly, when they once apply their minds, these Conservatives learn their lessons uncommonly fast. Lord STANLEY repeated the old argument which we have so often heard from the lips of Mr. BRIGHT, that the Reform Bill was justified by the numerous anxieties and embarrassments which England has to encounter, as it cannot be wise that, in a moment of trouble, men who think they have a fair claim to a share in the government of the country should be kept aloof from it. Mr. GATHORNE HARDY entreated his Conservative friends not to stand apart from politics after the new Reform Bill comes into operation, but to go in love and confidence among the working-classes, and strive and labour with them for the general good of the country. This is not only in the key, but in the very spirit, of Mr. GLADSTONE; and it is only natural that Mr. GLADSTONE should feel and should express, as he not long ago did in Lancashire, his surprise at this being the sort of talk offered by the very person whom Oxford chose to substitute for him. We may confidently assert that, if Mr. HARDY had said anything of the sort before the last general election, he would never have been returned by Oxford. But he says so now, and no one reproaches him, for he only says what every one else says. National thought sometimes moves by sudden leaps, and then the minds of all men of all parties are carried forward. There are no Conservatives now, and of course the men who once were Conservatives can no longer talk a dead language. They must use the only living language there is, and that is the language of the Liberal party. Hereafter, no doubt, Conservatism will spring up again, but at present it shows no sign of reviving. On every single topic of public interest—on Education, on the Irish Church, on Ireland generally—the talk of the Conservative leaders at Bristol was either that of their old opponents, or of men prepared to go forward, if they only knew how, and willing and longing to be educated.

Lord STANLEY spoke much on Ireland, and all that he said was sensible and true. But it was nothing more. He simply sees a blank before him when he tries to conceive what ought to be done for Ireland. If the highest feat a statesman could perform in our days would be to grapple with the Irish difficulty, and show us what we can do and ought to do for

Ireland, then to this statesmanship Lord STANLEY made no approach and no pretence. He had, however, the great merit of stating simply what cannot be done, and of declaring himself incapable of saying what can be done. He had arrived at the point which every sensible man in a club, in a train, or any other place of common discussion, easily arrives at. He sees that it is all nonsense talking of separating England from Ireland. He also sees that, when we talk of re-arranging the land system of Ireland, we must either have or not have a scheme of confiscation; and that we must clearly make up our minds that, if we have confiscation at all, we must take confiscation with all its serious and far-reaching consequences. All this is very true, and we are glad it should be said distinctly; but it is not much to say. It sounds rather disappointing when we find Lord STANLEY has no other remedy whatever to offer for the woes of Ireland except some sort of modified Tenant Compensation Bill like that which the Government proposed last Session. We quite own that if a Minister, or any public man of eminence, has really nothing to say on a great subject, he should not talk vaguely, as if he had a mysterious secret which he forbears to disclose. The leaders of the Liberal party lately fell into the mistake of hinting that they had some secret of the sort, while yet they were not prepared to give the slightest hint of what this secret was. Mr. BRIGHT, indeed, has relieved himself from the imputation of never making a definite proposition. He has proposed that the State should buy large estates, and resell them, which is a plan that, as stated, is free from the taint of confiscation, although it might pave the way for something of the sort. But discussion—even the discussion of honest and fair critics, and not of critics who flatter a little foolish vanity by decrying everything Mr. BRIGHT does or says—has not led to a result at all in favour of Mr. BRIGHT's plan. The objection to his plan is the same as to all plans whatever that we hear about for dealing in a large way with Irish land. The Irish want what is bad for them, not what is bad for us English, or for great Protestant landowners or any of the people that Irishmen hate, but for the Irish themselves. They want small holdings of land, in a wet climate, with a very poor soil. Supposing we gave them what they want, would it not be ruinous for them to have it? If it would—as Lord STANLEY, expressing the opinion of the best judges on the subject, said it would—can it be right to give it them? Why should we condemn them to eternal poverty and potatoes? They wish for it certainly, and so they wish for unlimited whisky; but the State is not to be expected to let all Ireland get drunk at the charge of the Consolidated Fund.

The only obvious Irish grievance that can be dealt with is that of the Irish Church; and Lord STANLEY, neither going beyond nor falling short of the ordinary opinions of Liberals, hinted very plainly that some change ought to be made, but would not bind himself to saying what this change should be. He sought refuge in the convenient theory that the matter was not one with which a moribund Parliament ought to deal. There is much truth in this; and whether it is true or not, we may be quite certain that our present moribund Parliament will not deal with it. Threatened men, it is said, live long, and so do threatened institutions. That some change must be made in the present position of things every one agrees. Archdeacon DENISON would, we are sure, find an affinity of some sort in altering this position, but it is not so easy to say what should be done. And just now the Irish Church has a new source of strength, in the support of a body of men who, until lately, seemed the last of all men on whom a Church in difficulties could rely. To uphold the Church Establishment, for the present at least, because it is established, seems to many who are far from having any strong leaning in favour of ecclesiastical systems the best way of upholding that supremacy of secular law which, as a matter of fact, has hitherto proved the surest means of securing religious liberty. Lord STANLEY said very truly that voluntarism does

not make much progress in this country; and he might have added, that some of those who used most to oppose it are now leaning to it, while some of its old friends are now shrinking from it. Lord STANLEY was, however, far too cautious to say what he thought a new and energetic Parliament ought to do, or was likely to do, with the Irish Church. It is, indeed, one of the great difficulties of the Conservatives now, that they are almost precluded from originating anything. They are converted Liberals, and they will gladly accept any Liberal project on which the country has made up its mind. But they cannot go further. They cannot take the lead, and guide the nation into new Liberal paths. If we look at their speeches, there seems to be an inevitable barrenness and hollowness in them. And if this is noticeable in the speeches of the more eminent among them, it is naturally far more evident in the speeches of their minor celebrities. Mr. HARDY and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON both spoke at Bristol; and if much was not expected from them, they certainly did not go beyond the expectations of their hearers. Mr. HARDY was great on locusts. This was his own idea. The Fenians are locusts; and there are also forty or fifty thousand locusts always going about living on the industry of the country, who, after much guessing, are, we conclude, simply tramps. Mr. HARDY is a good honest farmer, and has nice crops which the public admires; but then these cursed locusts come, and are too much for him. Mr. GLADSTONE may have the comfort of thinking that this is not in his manner, and that if his successful rival can copy his policy he cannot imitate his language. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON stuck to his old fancy, that as Secretary-at-War he ought to talk military shop, and to speak of the Abyssinian Expedition as a capital opportunity and a great treat for the army. It was his good fortune to be able at the same time to laugh at our Abyssinian enemies for having only one gun, and to congratulate our troops on the glorious fact that the poor defenceless creatures whom they may hope to mow down with grape shot are individually very brave, though only armed with spears. But these things go off very well after dinner; and if banquets can help a Ministry, the present Ministry has had all the assistance that banquets can give.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE PRESS.

THE Emperor of the FRENCH has determined to perform his promise of last year by causing his Government to introduce a Bill for the future regulation of newspapers. Under the present law, the Minister of the Interior has the power of warning any journal which in his opinion contains objectionable matter; and, after a third warning, the journal may be suppressed by decree. In the early days of the Empire the law was not unfrequently enforced, and the greater or less rigour of supervision has since varied with the characters of successive Ministers; but, on the whole, the practice of the Government has become more lenient as the Imperial institutions have been consolidated by time, and during the last year political discussion has been comparatively free. When M. DE GIRARDIN was deemed to transgress the limits of permissible criticism, he was summoned before a Court, and not reprimanded at the discretion of a Minister. The enthusiastic eulogies which semi-official writers bestow on the EMPEROR and on his subordinates are evidently not the result of coercion; nor will any law abate the disinterested zeal of politicians who happen always to agree with the Government for the time being. The measure which is to be laid before the Senate and the Legislative Body will probably abolish the system of warnings, and of administrative suppressions, and perhaps it will enable publishers to found new journals without official permission; yet up to the present time the Government has clung to the power of preliminary authorization more tenaciously than to any other form of restriction on the perfect liberty of the press. It may be presumed that the right to report debates, which is now under judicial consideration, will not be conceded in the Government Bill. It would not be worth while to enforce by penal proceedings a prohibition which was about to be definitively abandoned. The value of the new law to journalists will depend on the constitution of the tribunals which are to replace the Minister of the Interior in the duty of controlling the newspaper press. Judges are in all countries disposed to construe libel laws with extreme strictness; and juries, on the other hand, consider the alleged offences of journals either as independent crimes or as political partisans. In the time of Louis XVIII. and of CHARLES X. it was difficult for the Government to obtain a verdict against any political writer, because the opinion of the middle class was generally on the side of the Opposition. It is scarcely probable that the EMPEROR will

incur the risk of a third newspaper revolution, after taking for sixteen years the most stringent precautions against the excesses which had proved fatal to two preceding dynasties. In some form the Government will secure itself against the possible hostility of the press, although there appears to be a sincere desire to relax unnecessary restrictions.

The Duke of PERSIGNY, who has lately published a letter on the project of law, reasonably claims attention on the ground of long experience, although, as the author of the existing system, he may perhaps be suspected of prejudice. As one of the most eminent of the unemployed statesmen whom it is the habit of NAPOLEON III. to keep in reserve, M. DE PERSIGNY represents some of the actual or probable phases of the EMPEROR's mind. When in office he has had the misfortune to be the instrument of a repressive policy, although his aspirations are perhaps genuinely liberal. Like his chief, he has always required loyalty to the Empire as the indispensable condition of freedom; or, as he says in his letter, "he desires the independence of the journals as much as he approves of the firmness of the holders of power." No intelligent sovereign or statesman can be satisfied with sycophantic supporters, opposed by adversaries who constantly indicate a censure which they are forbidden to express. Perfect freedom of discussion, tempered by voluntary self-restraint, is the ideal perfection of journalism; but it has not yet been attained in France. In the meantime M. DE PERSIGNY regards with much uneasiness the intended relaxation of the law; and, if his alarms are shared in the highest quarters, the new concessions will be balanced by ample guarantees against abuse. It is difficult to understand the statement that the press has been endangered, not by political discussion, but by personal defamation and undue interference with the affairs of private life. The French newspapers, or at least the Parisian journals which are read by foreigners, are almost always laudably distinguished by their abstinence from the circulation of private scandal; and when they transgress the rules of propriety, any persons who may be injured are provided with ample legal remedies. The power of the Courts to compel the publication, in the columns of an offending journal, of contradictions and explanations, constitutes one of the most efficient checks on careless or malicious imputations on character. Only a few days ago, a journal in which the name of one of its contributors was attached to an article written by another person was ordered by a Court of Law to print the disavowal of authorship at the head of its leading columns. There is no reason to suppose that any class of persons in France is dissatisfied with the law of private libel; and if a change is required, respectable journalists would acquiesce in any reasonable provisions against indefensible excesses. When M. DE PERSIGNY devised the system of warnings and suppressions, he was not thinking of the slanderous propensities which now excite his exclusive solicitude. As no journal has been either warned or suppressed except on the ground of political delinquencies, it would seem that the practical security of private persons against libel will not be impaired.

The danger, indeed, is to arise rather from journals not yet in existence, than from the papers which have become accustomed to a wholesome restraint. M. DE PERSIGNY fears that, on the withdrawal of the right of preliminary authorization, numerous papers will appear to compete with the existing journals, and that, having no credit or substantial merit of their own, they will push themselves into circulation by pandering to scandalous curiosity. In the first instance this immoral speculation will be successful, "but in time disgust will arise, and, reaction taking place in all minds, a general horror will not fail to be produced against the abuses of the press." The country will consequently demand the enactment of violent measures against journalism as a whole, for public opinion will be incapable of distinguishing between respectable journals and discreditable upstarts. "In this way, in spite of the generous inspiration of the 17th of January, true liberty will be once more stifled in its germ." French liberty is perhaps easily stifled, but M. DE PERSIGNY's anxiety for the liberty of the press seems to tempt him into extreme and circuitous apprehensions. It is desirable to learn to swim, but if journalism ventures into the waves it may too probably be drowned. Liberty degenerating into license will provoke repression, and the only way to save its life is to prevent its birth. The danger contemplated by the ex-Minister is not altogether chimerical, but it must be incurred if the general right of publishing newspapers is to be permitted by law. A suspicious critic might remark on M. DE PERSIGNY's incidental appeal to the selfishness of actual newspaper proprietors. The shareholders of the *Constitutionnel* or the *Presse* are probably as

little anxious for competition as the shareholders of the Lyons and Mediterranean Railway; but it may be doubted whether their jealousy of new rivals will take the precise form of M. DE PERSIGNY's friendly alarms. He invites eminent writers in the newspapers to "adopt a great resolution," and to demand a measure against the abuses of the press more efficacious than the Bill which is now under the consideration of the Legislature. Public opinion, once reassured against the excesses which it is supposed to dread, will then demand from the authorities the relaxation of the fiscal pressure of which newspaper proprietors complain. "If, unhappily, you also want courage, why, then, let the destinies be accomplished, and, like bad princes, avenge yourselves subsequently on the only man who shall have told you the truth." It may be doubted whether the journalists of France will hastily accept M. DE PERSIGNY's advice. It will be at least desirable to wait until the Bill has passed the Legislative Body and the Senate, before the press applies for further restrictions on its own freedom. It would undoubtedly be thought expedient to prevent fresh competition; but the Legislature will not fail to require ample caution-money, and the police will probably retain their discretionary power of granting or refusing permission for any new journal to be sold in the streets. The abolition of Ministerial warnings will be in the highest degree acceptable to proprietors, editors, and contributors.

The general community of readers seem to take less interest in the freedom of the press than the writers from whom they derive political instruction. The law which requires the signature of newspaper articles is not likely to be repealed, although it is easily evaded. The Government perhaps wishes to retain the contingent right of enforcing genuine signature, and the law itself is comparatively popular because it records the distrust of the press which naturally arose from the disastrous triumph of the revolutionary journals twenty years ago. M. DE PERSIGNY professes to believe that, after a struggle extending over two or three generations, nothing further is to be feared from the conflict of opinions. Men of opposite parties, he says, argue from the same principles, and arrive at almost similar conclusions. M. BERRYER, M. THIERS, M. JULES FAVRE, and M. ROUHER differ from one another only on minor questions, and they compliment each other on their eloquence, instead of proposing to cut off one another's heads. "When a country has arrived at this point, it is ripe for liberty. The time is come to reap the benefits of freedom, and to the EMPEROR will belong the glory of having been the first to understand this truth." If M. DE PERSIGNY is justified in his cheerful faith, as he is certainly to some extent in the right, the time has come to crown the edifice of the Imperial system by granting additional powers to the Legislature, and unlimited freedom to the press; but M. DE PERSIGNY himself seems but insufficiently assured of the perfect security which he describes as the result of long conflicts. As a general rule, it is perfectly true that a free press can be tolerated only when the first principles of government have ceased to be subjects of controversy.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

THE news from Abyssinia is eminently calculated to cheer those whose motto is "Slow but sure." We get on in a "meddle and muddle" sort of way, with a wild confusion of mules and camels and Shohoes, who, as one intelligent Correspondent explains in half a column, are not all so very much Shohoes as about three-quarters Shohoes and a quarter something else undistinguishable from Shohoes. Evidently these current chroniclers have as yet nothing to say. When they have explained that it is hot in the sun by day and cold in the frost at night, and that their luggage has to be packed with the wonderful skill that distinguishes them, and have made a little joke about the difficulty of getting plum-pudding on Christmas Day, they have at present nothing whatever to say. They know nothing more of what is going on at Magdala than of what is going on in Whitechapel. They see a few natives who most cleverly have established the rule that nothing can cost less than a dollar; but then these natives are not the natives with whom the Expedition has to do, or who are likely to support the NEGUS. If the sober truth is told, no one belonging to the expeditionary force has seen or done anything which might not easily be described in a dozen lines of plain prose. But then writers go to Abyssinia to write, just as soldiers go there to fight; and as both obey orders, it is no more reproach to the former that at present they have to write about very little, than it is to the latter that they have

very little fighting. But then there is one certain resource for active-minded writers who are accompanying an Expedition. They can always find fault. They can see how grossly everything is mismanaged, and can hint how easily they could put everything right if it were but left to them. They remember the Crimea, and wish that once more an ignorant and negligent nation should be saved by its newspaper Correspondents. They do not, indeed, abuse those whom they see on the scene of action. They are far too honourable to speak ill of officers whose hospitality they share, and whose continuous efforts to put things right they daily witness. But the Government, and especially such an unknown, unprotected, assailable kind of Government as the Bombay Government, is made to be abused. Writers and readers alike derive a cheap gratification from seeing how much can be said against the authorities in general. This does not do much harm if it is only remembered how the abuse comes to be given. As an outpouring of an active mind bound to exercise its fancy if it cannot find facts, it may reasonably be regarded with indulgence. But if any one is led to infer that the Government has really been guilty of any culpable negligence, then much injustice may easily be done. The charges, if they can be called charges, must only be taken for what they are worth in themselves, apart from the lengthy strains of Ciceronian eloquence in which they are wrapped. A hasty reader of Abyssinian correspondence would rise from his paper with the general impression that the Government had been found out, by a person of immense acuteness, in doing a variety of very wrong things. But if he asks himself whether there is any definite accusation which is made in distinct terms, and is dwelt on as if it were more than the impulse of a moment to denounce it, he will find that the one great standing discovery of the Correspondents is that the mules ought to have had iron chains furnished to tether them, instead of ropes, which they gnaw. Very likely this may be true. We do not pretend to judge. But at any rate we may confidently ask those who have travelled in countries where mule carriage is the ordinary means of transport, if they have ever seen a mule with an iron chain? How many mule-drivers in Spain and Spanish America have ever dreamt of wanting an iron chain in order to secure their mules at night? A Secretary of War gifted with universal prescience might, perhaps, have known that these Abyssinian mules must have special fastenings provided; but who ever thought Sir JOHN PAKINGTON gifted with universal prescience, or expected him to see further than his neighbours? He had no more reason half a year ago to suppose that these unhappy beasts would eat their ropes, than he had a year ago to suppose that he would be a member of a Cabinet that was to prepare a Reform Bill based on household suffrage. If it is a mistake at all to have omitted these chains, it is an uncommonly small mistake, and we do not believe that there is a Government in Europe that would have been wiser.

There can be no doubt that the turn of modern administration is to avoid risk, and the slow advance of the Abyssinian Expedition is mainly due to the wish to fall in with this turn. It must, of course, be conceded that enterprise is checked by this mode of dealing with difficulties. When once it is understood by those who are employed that their employers do not mind expense, but do mind failure, it is inevitable that a habit of doing everything in a sure and costly way should grow up. While a commander is preparing his schemes and combining his plans of attack he may take as long as he likes. The Government can always make out a good case for him, or decline to make out a case at all, and state that the interests of the nation require that they should be silent. But if the commander makes an attempt, he must succeed; for success or failure is a patent fact which comes home to every one. Even the expense makes no real difference. While the operations are going on no one dreams what is being spent; and after they are over, the House of Commons cannot avoid paying the bill, and generally is little inclined to make a fuss about what cannot be helped. If Sir ROBERT NAPIER likes to try to get to Magdala with some little dash and risk, we shall be very much obliged to him in case he succeeds. But he may go on as slowly as he likes. No one in England can hurry him. All that is necessary is that, in the long run, he should take Magdala and release the prisoners, or find that he cannot release them. But he need not run any risk whatever. He may make splendid roads and form depôts, and leave garrisons here and there. He knows that everything will be pardoned him if he succeeds, and nothing if he fails. And it is only natural that this should be the way in which the operations of a General are regarded

in a country like England, which wishes to go to war very seldom, and thinks that part of the policy of having few wars is to conduct without any check the few that it undertakes. It is only fair that the English public should notice and confess its feelings on the matter, because the mode in which the Abyssinian Expedition is being conducted must be judged with reference to English opinion. Critics may say that Sir ROBERT NAPIER's way of going on is over-cautious, and those who read their criticisms may be inclined to agree with them. But Sir ROBERT NAPIER knows that these very critics would turn against him if he made a dash and failed; whereas, if he succeeds, all criticism will be forgotten, however slowly he may have gone on, and however much money he may have spent.

It must also be said for the policy of delay that, by going slowly, we shall have a much better chance of winning the confidence of the native tribes through whom we pass. As they get used to us they will understand what manner of men we are—men born to be cheated, men who will give a dollar for a handful of rice, and who have almost heavenly notions about the price that may be properly asked and paid for skinny chickens. If, indeed, they could steal our guns, their feelings would be different. To rob civilized strangers of their firearms is the first wish, the brightest day-dream, of barbarians. They will do anything, promise anything, give up anything in order to get hold of a pistol that will carry ten yards straight and will not burst in their hands. If the Shohoes and other pleasant people of this sort could get hold of our mountain-guns, there is no reason to suppose that they would not care more about this novel sort of artillery than about our friendship. But they are not at all likely to have a chance. They will know this, and the most they are likely to try is a few plundering expeditions at night. Even if they get a few rifles, they will only be likely to carry off a most moderate supply of cartridges. The advancing force is, so far as any one can judge from present data and at this great distance, quite safe from the opposition of armed natives. But if the Abyssinians cannot fight us, we may be sure they will only be too glad to cheat us. So far as they have any supplies, we may rely on their supplying us with all they have. No political considerations, no far-fetched theories of national independence, are likely to interfere with the burning and ardent desire to sell an egg for a dollar, and the hen that laid it for five dollars. The real difficulty will be to get food at any price; and if food is not to be bought, then it must all be brought up on the backs of mules from the coast, and this will take a very long time, especially after the roads are broken up by the rains. The soldiers of the French Republic could, it was said, have got to China with nothing but bread and their swords; but we cannot make war after the fashion of the French Republic. That soldiers of their stamp would get to Magdala and back in a month may be very true, but then they would get there by plundering and murdering at their discretion; and if by some unlucky accident they were all wiped off the face of the earth, no one would very much care. But English soldiers, and Indian soldiers under English command, with an English General over them, and English newspaper Correspondents ready to criticize everything, must go on in a decent quiet way; what is taken must be paid for, and natives who cheat us in a kind and friendly spirit must be treated with the dignified politeness they deserve. If any one could find out what our NEGUS is doing we might see some sort of definite prospect before us. But there is no sort of reliable intelligence about that hero. Unfortunately he has got hold of Mr. FLAD, who is a writing, pertinacious sort of man, and whom we should like to release, if possible, for our own sakes as well as for his. But although letters from Mr. FLAD occasionally come to hand, there is so much confusion as to places and dates, in the accounts we get of these letters, that we know nothing more after all about the NEGUS than about the WAGSHUM. But there is this to be observed. No single item of news, of at all a reliable kind, that has hitherto come to us from Abyssinia is bad. Everything is a little better than we were led to expect. There is more water, there are better passes, the natives are more friendly. We may therefore hope that things will go on well, even if they go on very slowly and very expensively.

MR. FAWCETT ON FREE TRADE IN LAND.

MR. FAWCETT has exposed himself to just criticism by the appeal to popular prejudice which is involved in the phrase of "free trade in land"; and his readiness to appeal from science to selfish instincts is illustrated by his proposal

to give votes to agricultural labourers for the purpose of accelerating a change in the laws which regulate the transfer and transmission of land. Nothing could be easier than for an agitator to persuade ignorant villagers that they ought to own the land which they cultivate; and Mr. FAWCETT, though it would be extremely unjust to describe him as a demagogue, understands much better than some silly young gentlemen at the Carlton the probable effects of a degraded county suffrage. Those who fancy that influence exercised over a non-political class would survive the transfer of power from landlords to labourers must be as innocent of reflection as they are ignorant of history. Mr. DISRAELI's subsoil, when it is once stirred up, will lose the harmless or negative qualities which it has acquired by underlying the surface. The more active minds of city artisans imagine to themselves many desirable results from the attainment of political supremacy. Short hours, high wages, and social equality curiously combined with monopoly, are among the most attractive peculiarities of the operative Utopia; but the country labourer, invited to frame a wish, would confine his aspirations to the land. The wealth and authority which are at present distributed between the landowner and the farmer exhaust the ideal aspirations of the rustic intellect; and a politician who teaches day-labourers that only bad laws lie between weekly wages and ownership of land has no need to support his conclusions by elaborate argument. Mr. FAWCETT's appeal to the multitude was not out of place at the Reform League, but he would probably prefer the approval of cultivated critics. The verdict of a set of hungry children on the issue whether a twelfth-cake ought to be cut up and handed round would be more unanimous than satisfactory. There is additional unfairness in the assumption that minute subdivision of land is identical with free trade or with its natural consequences. In England, if in no other country, freedom of trade is theoretically and rightly identified with commercial justice, even by the most resolute of its practical enemies. If a country constituency, voting by household suffrage, were informed that free trade in land meant cottage freeholds, a candidate who argued in favour of large estates and large farms would have little chance of a hearing.

It is not less inaccurate to maintain, with some of Mr. FAWCETT's opponents, that the extensive powers now possessed by owners in fee-simple are essential to freedom of trade in land, or, more properly, to freedom of disposal. The absolute owner of land can prevent any other person from being absolute owner for a period which may sometimes reach to seventy or eighty years; and the privilege is so generally exercised that the greater part of the soil of England is held under a limited or restricted tenure. The effects of a system of secular mortmain are less injurious than the devotion of the land to spiritual endowment, for the obvious reason that men care for their lineal heirs, while they are comparatively indifferent to the interests of their official successors. The life tenant of an entailed estate would, in the great majority of cases, wish his property to devolve in the course which is in fact defined by existing wills and settlements; and recent legislation recognises the expediency of making outlay on improvements a permanent charge on the land. The restraints which are imposed by entails on the extravagance of spendthrifts compensate by a balance of moral advantage for any economical inconvenience which they may cause. It would be easy to show by plausible arguments, and it is still easier to assert with Mr. FAWCETT, that the cultivation of large entailed estates must be impeded by the existing law; but, as a matter of fact, large hereditary properties are for the most part the best managed and the best tilled portions of the districts in which they lie. It is difficult to understand Mr. FAWCETT's statement that large tracts of country are partially put out of cultivation to enable distinguished persons to slaughter large numbers of half-tamed pheasants. The best pheasant-shooting is to be found in the best-farmed counties; and the tracts in which the pheasants live are covers and plantations, which would in the majority of cases be kept up for profit if every head of game were destroyed. No tract of country in England is put out of cultivation for pheasant-shooting; and although the sport, as now practised in extreme cases, is the most selfish, the most stupid, and the least social form of amusement yet discovered, Mr. FAWCETT attacks its votaries on the only side on which they are not obviously vulnerable. The reasons against entails are not even touched by successive modes of address to popular prejudice; but Mr. FAWCETT is clearly in the right when he asserts that the limitation of proprietary powers keeps land, by an artificial process, out of the market. Some of Mr. FAWCETT's professional critics understand conveyancing better than political economy. The

powers of sale which are usually included in settlements leave the collective soil of England as they found it, although they enable life tenants to sell particular parcels of land. It is not certain that the law tends to raise the price of land, for in practice it restricts the number of buyers more effectually than it limits the amount offered for sale. Land sells at the highest rate when it is offered near a town or village in lots small enough to bring it within reach of a large number of purchasers; and the unentailed and subdivided soil of France commands a higher proportionate price than the large properties which in England tempt only capitalists and neighbouring owners. The "Hertfordshire Incumbent" who has controverted some of Mr. FAWCETT's theories aptly refers to the effect of trusts on the price of the Funds. It is impossible to estimate accurately the percentage which is added to the value of Consols by the compulsory investments of the Court of Chancery and of private trustees; but the abolition of settlements of realty and of personality by will and by deed would certainly lower the price of Consols, while it might not improbably raise the price of land.

Mr. FAWCETT says that, as a professor of political economy, he always inquires into the distribution of wealth as carefully as into the theory and statistics of production; but the further question into which he digressed at the Reform League is, however important, entirely unconnected with economical science. It is not the business of a political economist to inquire whether small proprietors are happier than labourers, but whether they, and the community of which they form a part, are richer than the tillers of large rented farms. As a moralist, a politician, and in every capacity except as a teacher of political economy, Mr. FAWCETT is at liberty to inquire if Lombards, Prussians, Belgians, and Frenchmen are happier than Englishmen, nor can he be prevented from anticipating inquiry by assertion; but he would do better service to the cause of truth by investigating the part of the question which admits of scientific treatment, than by dogmatizing on complicated problems of sentiment and of social expediency. Within the proper domain of political economy production is anterior to distribution, and is much more important, for when the reservoir is amply supplied the mains and pipes are likely to be fully charged. The rich intercept more than their share of the commodities which are provided by commerce and industry for the wants of a country; but the whole mass of their superfluities bears a small proportion to the general consumption. If all the upper and middle classes were put on workhouse rations, and clothed and treated like paupers, the saving effected would not equal the difference between a good and bad wheat harvest. It is, therefore, primarily essential that economists should ascertain how the largest agricultural return may be produced by the smallest expenditure of labour; and, until the question became intermixed with politics and social theories, it was never disputed that the English system is far cheaper and more profitable than cultivation in small patches. It is probable that two millions of proprietors would grow on an equal area more produce than one million of landlords, tenant-farmers, and hired labourers; but the articles produced by the spare million in other industrial employments must be added to the corn and cattle of the English farmer to make the comparison just. In all probability the wealth created by a million of labourers and a million of mechanics is more than double the amount which could be extracted from the soil by two millions of proprietors. It would be easy for a theorist to maintain that handloom weavers are happier than factory hands; but economists are content to know that, in proportion to the capital employed, they are poorer. In all cases the object of the legislator should be, not to diffuse happiness according to his own fancy, but to allow absolute freedom of choice.

The English law errs in one direction, and the French law in another. The compulsory distribution of property at death renders it difficult or impossible to try the experiment of accumulation; and, on the other hand, it is undesirable to place extravagant difficulties in the way of alienation. A capricious testator, or a humourist who wished to expose the defects of the English law, might leave his property in succession to a thousand persons living at the time of his death, and to the children of the survivor for twenty-one years after the disappearance of all the devisees. It is true that a similar freak might be perpetrated with respect to personalty; but it is less mischievous to appropriate a certain fraction of the public debt than to tie up a farm in approximate perpetuity. The diminution of the power of posthumous control might be carried to a great extent, without materially affecting

the fabric of English society, if only legislators abstained from introducing compulsory distribution. In the Northern States of America it would be useless to acquire a large landed property, because there are few or no tenants to be found. Even owners find it difficult to live on the exhausted soil of New England; and in the Eastern States the rural population is diminishing, and some districts are even relapsing into their primitive state of forest. In England, on the contrary, it answers far better to rent land than to own it, for the obvious reason that a farmer can make ten or fifteen per cent. on his capital, and only from three to four per cent. on his land. Mr. FAWCETT's happy freeholders, wherever they exist, are selling their properties because they cannot afford an expensive luxury. A man who owns five hundred or even a thousand a year in land, with liability to repairs, and with the risk of having farms thrown on his hands, if he has no other means of subsistence, finds himself habitually pinched for money, and sooner or later he is likely to yield to the temptation of increasing his income by one half, while it suits some wealthy purchaser to incur the corresponding loss. The supporters of Mr. FAWCETT's views habitually neglect the case of the tenant farmers, who are to be silently squeezed out of existence by cottage freeholders; and in future discussions they will do well to remember that, if they succeed in their crusade against squires and peers, they must necessarily annihilate one of the most important and characteristic sections of the English middle-class.

BOROUGH ELECTIONS.

LORD STANLEY advised those of his hearers at Bristol who were inclined to take either a very desponding or a very enthusiastic view of the probable results of the new Reform Bill, to refer to the prophecies that were uttered on each side when the last Reform Bill was about to come into operation. The dark visions of Tories and the radiant dreams of Radicals have alike been falsified by the event. At the present moment, most of those who are called on to speak in public are Conservatives, and their business is to make the best of the Bill, and to show that it will do no great harm. Prophesying smooth things of Reform is all the fashion; but there is something to be said on the other side also, and those who really wished for Reform before the Conservatives ever thought of becoming the parents of a Reform Bill must now take care that they are not indulging in hopes that are destined to be disappointed. In one very important point the work of Reform is only half finished; for it was one of the chief objects of a Reform Bill to give access to Parliament to men holding advanced popular opinions, who could understand what working-men meant and desired, and could place themselves in harmony with what, for want of a better word, may be termed the democratic section of the community. As matters stand at present, this object of the Reform Bill runs a very great chance of being defeated. The borough constituencies of the North will, to all appearance, fall more and more completely under the influence of local grandees—of men who have made sudden fortunes in the obscurest and least elevating manner, and who are determined to buy their way into Parliament. There they are, with a thorough knowledge of the locality, with a thousand ways of doing individual voters good turns or bad turns, and with thousands of pounds ready to be given away to all who like to have a share in the plunder. A soap-boiler or whalebone dealer who has made his money in his native place, who is the object of general hatred or admiration in every cottage of the town, who knows how to be alternately griping and lavish, who is reputed to be an implacable foe and an unscrupulous friend, and who lets it be known that he is going to spend ten thousand pounds every election until he gets in, is a very irrepressible sort of animal. He will work his way; or, at any rate, the only man who can oppose him is another soap-boiler ready to spend fifteen thousand. This is a lamentable issue of the Reform Bill, and yet it is one that is as certain as anything can be in politics, unless a remedy can be provided for it beforehand by the Bribery Bill that is to be proposed this Session. Mr. DISRAELI has always said that the two things must go together, and that much more effectual precautions against corruption must be devised if the borough suffrage was to be greatly reduced. He is unquestionably right, and it will be for the Liberal party to encourage and aid him in the passing of a measure as effectual as any measure can be. That the new Northern constituencies should fall entirely under the sway of the coarsest, most ignorant, and hardest of their local tyrants would be very much to be regretted; and if the present Parliament can do

anything to aid these towns in getting a higher class of representatives, it must be its duty to do it. No possible measure can make it easy to get into Parliament, and we do not know that it would be very desirable that it should be easy. The amiable, mild, gentlemanly young Liberal who has vague aspirations after a political career, and thinks he could go about as far as a thousand pounds to get in, had never any great chance of succeeding, and has next to none now. The seats that really gave him a chance were the second seats of small boroughs; now it is precisely these seats that have been extinguished. Although sorry that he should be disappointed, and ready to allow that he might very well have his chance if we were living in an ideal state of things, yet we think the nation can get on pretty well without him. But it is very different when we come to men of courage, of ideas, of a recognised public position, inspired with a natural love of justice, and able to make the working-classes feel that the thoughts to which they give utterance are only the thoughts of the working-classes themselves put into a glorified form. A Reform Bill which did not somehow give such men a fair chance of being returned by the constituencies to which they would most naturally appeal falls, in an important respect, short of its proper aim. These men will be kept out of Parliament by bribery, if they are kept out; and to prevent, so far as may be, the possibility of bribery effecting so very bad a result, is a task to which we hope honest politicians of all parties will set themselves this Session.

Mr. DISRAELI said last Session, what was very true, that he did not believe that either corruption or intimidation affected political issues. It is not because a few more or less seats are got by bribery from one party that the other party can gain office or use office as it pleases. The Reform Bill will produce its effects even if the Northern constituencies are largely demoralized by bribery. The will of the nation will be carried out whether this or that soapboiler is repressed or not in the expenditure of his quickly-gotten treasures. It is never wise to overstate a case, and the case against bribery is not that it will make any material difference in the conduct of public affairs. If a hundred Conservative soapboilers bought their way into Parliament, the Parliament they entered would have to be as liberal as the nation is, or would be quickly sent about its business. But it is to be observed that it is this very confidence that the national will is sure to be carried out that makes constituencies more and more indifferent to the character and standing of their representatives. It is said, and very truly said, that in the United States very improper persons are returned to Congress by very improper means. But do these improper persons go against the national will? On the contrary, they most faithfully reflect it. And it is because the end is gained so surely and easily that the nation is not very particular about the means. Congress does as the nation wishes, and therefore each constituency does not much care what sort of a person its own Congress man is. And this feeling very much facilitates bribery; for a voter thinks that, as the result will be the same whichever selection he makes, he is doing no great harm if he puts a few dollars in his pocket. To abandon principles for money would seem dishonourable and wicked to many persons who yet do not object to a little easily earned money when their principles are as sure of triumph as if they were virtuous and refused it. All the inquiries made in the boroughs recently disfranchised showed that no men of the ordinary stamp considered it to be in the least wrong to take money from their own side. It was not a bribe to vote, for they were going at any rate to vote as they did vote, whether they had money given them or not, but it was merely a kind present from their own friends. Some audacious moralists even held that it was also quite right to take money from both sides so long as they ultimately voted with their own party, for they were thus spoiling the Egyptians and lessening the fund applicable to seduce honest men from the path of duty. There was, in short, a general persuasion that, so long as a man's political principles triumphed, he might get any benefit for himself that he could out of the proceedings that led to that triumph. As a nation becomes more knit together, more democratic, more concentrated in its public interests, the general triumph of a party takes the place of the triumph of blue or buff in each particular constituency. So long as the cause he is attached to seems triumphant, the voter not only feels at liberty to attend to his own interests, but he ceases to care very much who it is that immediately represents him and his district. The representatives of the French people are elected by a most shameless system of official intimidation and jobbery, but the great

mass of French electors make no objection. They do not care; they are willing that the Prefect should, if he likes, select his man, because they know that their representative, whoever he may be, will go with the Empire, and they wish the Empire to be upheld. In England this is comparatively a new phase of political feeling. We have not got to it yet, but we are fast tending that way. The very existence of the Reform Bill shows that neither station nor wealth nor high character, nor any sort of scruples, will prevent men from carrying out the will of the nation in spite of all the traditions of party. One of the most important measures of modern times was not the work of any Minister or of any party. It was not even the work of the House of Commons. It was moulded and fashioned, no one knows exactly how, by the nation itself; and constituencies, seeing this, may easily come to imagine that it makes little difference what is the character and standing of that particular one out of the six hundred and fifty agents of the national will whom they are called on to elect.

We will not say but that in a country like the United States, where society is young and good candidates are hard to find, there may be some truth in all this; and foreigners, who find an easy occasion for scorn in noticing the vulgarity and vices of Congress men, might ask themselves with advantage whether Congress, after all, does not faithfully and quickly reflect the views and wishes of a people really aiming at right and justice, impetuous and arrogant, but generous and able to correct itself, and to pause when it is on the wrong road. But in England we want something more. What is wanted is that the House of Commons shall not only reflect the national will, but that it shall be an assembly containing the first thinkers and actors in political life. The reasons why we want this are at once too numerous and too obvious to recapitulate; but amongst these reasons, one is in itself sufficient. The House of Commons actually governs the country, and the Government of a country situated as England is in the map of the world, and filled with an old complex society, with a very limited area to work in, and with an enormous variety of calls and duties to meet, must be a Government that requires very good, skilful, and experienced governors to carry it on. Bribery threatens to interfere with the possibility of a Government comprising, as it ought to comprise, the honesty, ability, and courage of the better class of English politicians. Men who could contribute most valuable thoughts towards the right administration of affairs, or who could take an active and useful part in that administration, appear likely to be condemned to silence and inactivity because the constituencies, although, if left alone, they would be willing to elect such representatives, are yet almost sure to yield to the influence and money of persons who may be relied on, perhaps, as mere vehicles of carrying out what the nation resolves on, but who personally are of no use, and can make no contribution to good government or to sound and original political thought. This is a positive loss of force and life to the nation, and if a good Bribery Bill can do ever so little to prevent it, it ought to be passed. That any Bill can wholly stop bribery is of course impossible. In America, the law treats bribery as a crime, both in the giver and the receiver of the bribe; and this is going to a length beyond which the law can go no further. And yet this very severe law fails altogether to prevent bribery. So long as bribery is not thought wrong, it is very difficult to put it down; and, as we have already said, it is, we fear, more likely to seem right, or at least pardonable, hereafter than it has done hitherto. The real question is—cannot we create a public opinion against bribery? That any measure which may be passed will at the most only create such an opinion, or help to create it, very gradually and very imperfectly, may be true, but that is no reason that the best Bill that can be devised should not be passed. It will be time enough to criticize the Government measure when it is laid before Parliament, and it is no use going into details about a Bribery Bill until some definite scheme is suggested. But in the Bill proposed last Session there were some of the elements of a really good Bill; and the present House of Commons is by no means incapable of passing, or likely to be unwilling to pass, a satisfactory measure, if only it is once convinced that the country regards the passing of such a measure as a matter of great and pressing importance.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE POPE.

THE anxiety of NAPOLEON III. to prevent any violent occupation of Rome by the Italian Government is a curious contrast to the outrages committed upon the person of Prus VII. under the first French Empire. Nearly sixty years

ago NAPOLEON I. broke at midnight into the Quirinal, with a few companies of French soldiers, took the POPE by force from his sleeping apartment, and transported him—without luggage, servants, or money—through the streets of the sleeping city to the frontier. The temporal sovereignty, which the present ruler of the French nation is now so solicitous to preserve, had already been confiscated by Imperial decree. For some time before his arrest the Holy Father had lived like a deposed prince, almost, if not quite, a prisoner in his own palace. His Ministers had been taken from him, his guards had been removed, his Cardinals banished, and the temporal power had become virtually extinct. In the middle of his other enterprises the EMPEROR had found time to revoke the grants of CHARLEMAGNE, to proclaim that henceforward the Head of Christendom must be content to be a spiritual potentate only, and even to threaten Rome with a secession of the Gallican Church. The Pontifical troops had been informed that it was no longer decent that they should live under the "monstrous regimen" of priests; the official journals, the papers, the offices, and even the printing-houses of the Roman Government had been seized by main force, and the Pontiff of the day had nothing left him except his indomitable resolution. NAPOLEON III. has shown, throughout his reign and his career, a determination to avoid the mistakes of the founder of his dynasty, and it is probable that few things so thoroughly alarm him as the idea of a similar accident in Europe at the present day. The Florence Government have never dreamed of any measures half so strong. Pius IX. is safe, as far as they are concerned, from any midnight *coup d'état*. The lesson of 1809 has, nevertheless, produced a substantial effect on the French policy of 1867. The dominant idea of NAPOLEON III. for the last seven years has been to render the occurrence of any similar accident impossible, and to keep the POPE at Rome under all circumstances and at any price. No one can read the diplomatic correspondence of the last year, between the Tuileries and the Vatican, without observing the anxious alarm of France at any suggestion that the POPE was likely to traverse Europe in the character of an interesting exile. Even at the moment that M. DE MOUSTIER and M. ROUHER were in treaty with the Florence Cabinet, they did not intermit their earnest assurances to the Vatican that, in the last resort, French assistance would be forthcoming. What was done in the green leaf by France sixty years ago was not to be tolerated at the hands of Italy in 1867. It is natural that the BONAPARTE dynasty should be desirous of profiting by its own unfortunate experiences; but it is not easy to compare without astonishment the First EMPEROR's controversial denials of the doctrine of the temporal power, with his successor's asseverations that its integrity and maintenance are necessary for the satisfaction of Catholic consciences, and the welfare of Italy itself.

The question immediately suggests itself whether one reason of this change in policy can be that France has become more religious, and less disposed to go to all lengths in secularizing the POPE's power. It is a matter of some difficulty to speak with confidence about the ebb and flow of religious feeling in any nation. That violent agitation should be succeeded by reaction is natural enough. When revolutionary excitement has passed away, people find half the abuses against which they formerly waged war far more tolerable than they believed. No doubt, in the period of time that has elapsed since the beginning of the century, passions have calmed down; and even if France is irreligious still, she is less actively anti-religious than she was. Fierce antipathy to Ultramontanism has faded into a sort of passive scepticism upon the subject. The Concordat which was established after so long a controversy with the Pontificate has been accepted by the State, is endured or acquiesced in by the Church, and has become a settled part of French law. There is no real danger, again, of Catholicism resuming its old place in France as an exclusively dominant State creed. Nor is the policy of the French Government thwarted still, as it then was at every turn, by Papal opposition. The French have resigned all pretensions to make Italy a French department. What HIS HOLINESS does in Rome, or in the Peninsula at large, makes but a slight difference to French statesmen, and there are no measures which the Paris Foreign Office wants to force down the POPE's throat at the point, if necessary, of the bayonet. The Papal question has grown to be a purely Italian difficulty. France is only interested indirectly in its solution, and no interest she may feel in the destruction of ecclesiastical authority at Rome is sufficient to counterbalance her strong desire to have no religious excitement which may make her rural population harder to govern.

The difference between the Papal policy of the First and Second Empire is, however, chiefly the result of the wide contrast between the character of the two NAPOLEONS. The present EMPEROR has nothing of the fiery temper of his uncle in him. NAPOLEON I. did not know France so well as his nephew, he spent less time in studying its wants or its tastes; but, on the other hand, he had far more power of impressing the imagination of his subjects, and influencing them by his will. While they were under the spell, they ceased to have any distinct political ideas of their own. His military successes had intoxicated them, his administrative vigour prolonged the domestic illusion, and it was not till after his first abdication that the French began to comprehend that under his rule they had never enjoyed what they desired. In respect of Catholic sentiment France under the First NAPOLEON was in reality more religious than she knew. NAPOLEON III. is a man of another stamp altogether. His art lies in following, not in guiding, his people; and whenever he moves in advance of them, he drags them with him with difficulty, and often has to retrace his steps and wait till they come up. So far as he succeeds, it is by a microscopic inspection of and obedience to the national sentiment. He forms his plans after meditating upon each popular caprice, and the result is that he has a tendency to exaggerate its force. The old NAPOLEON did not know or care how religious the French were; the present EMPEROR fancies them more fanatical and pious than they are. A pale cast of thought indisposes him to act, and experience has rendered him disinclined to run the risk of contradicting even a passing national impulse. The consequence is that his policy has become more Catholic than their policy would be if they were left to themselves. For even the French in the rural districts are not so distinctly pious. The peasant has no natural love for the priest. He is afraid of his priest, and still more afraid of the worry and trouble his priest can give him; it is easier to vote for the clerical candidate at the election than to undergo the fuss and annoyance of having to stand up against perpetual sermonizing and black looks. Like all other rustics, the French peasantry have an element of cunning mingled with their ignorance, and instinctively side with the party that is capable of revenging itself most upon them. But it is quite possible to overrate the use which the clerical party can make of peasants. In the first place, the peasant is a non-fighting animal. He never, if he knows it, goes to war for an idea, whether that idea be the POPE or whether it be GARIBALDI. He will vote, touch his cap, go to church, do anything that his ghostly instructors ask him, but he has no intention of fighting. In the recent Polish and Roman insurrections we all had an opportunity of seeing what peasants are. They are about as much use to either party in a civil contest as SHAKESPEARE'S clowns would be. They are quite content to act as guides to either, to lead the horses of the officers when well paid for it; and when their blood is up, or when they want plunder, they will murder the stragglers from the army they dislike the most. But in the depths of rural provinces they seldom or never initiate, or even heartily assist, any civil movement. In pacifying the Catholic peasantry of the French provinces the EMPEROR has not even the miserable consolation of reflecting that he has made friends out of possible insurgents. All that he has done is to conciliate a considerable number of clerical voters.

Herein lies the key to his recent pro-Papal manifestations. NAPOLEON III. does not expect the priests, if they are discontented with him, to raise the fiery cross against him throughout the country. He knows they will do nothing of the kind. But what they would and might do would be to give him infinite trouble at election times, to poll thousands of poor half-witted creatures against the Government candidate, and to return a Corps Législatif which would hamper his action and wear out the patience of his Ministers. From the Democratic party in France he cannot look for any material electioneering help. He cannot buy them, except at the price of giving them more liberty than he dares. The Catholic party in France alone are to be bribed by any political concessions that he can afford to make, and this is the reason why he has, in the last resort, chosen, to fling VICTOR EMMANUEL and the Italian alliance to the wolves.

THE SPANISH DEBT.

IF the settlement of the Spanish debt proves to be final as well as compulsory, the operation will, in one sense, have been advantageous. The debtor who succeeds in writing down fifty pence, instead of eighty which he owes, is so much the richer; but the one-sided expediency of such transactions was more evident in a simple state of society where the rela-

tions of debtor and creditor were occasional and rare. To a prospective borrower unimpeached credit may be more valuable than any saving which he can secure at the expense of former creditors. Some properties and revenues of the Spanish Crown, which were specially mortgaged to certain classes of bondholders, are now relieved from the incubance, but future lenders will not be eager to advance their money on securities of so slippery a nature. In the late conversion the Government has in some degree recognised the inadequacy of former settlements, for the certificates issued by the Committee of bondholders for claims which had been repudiated are to be exchanged for a part of their nominal value in Spanish stock. Holders of securities which ranked before the certificates, and which have hitherto borne a higher price, complain, with apparent reason, of obtaining a less favourable arrangement; and in similar operations there is always ground for suspecting that indirect motives have influenced the conduct of financiers. The character of the conversion is virtually acknowledged in the official declaration that the terms offered to the bondholders are not only just but irrevocable. When a creditor is defied to do his worst, it may be assumed that he is required to submit to a heavy sacrifice. A sovereign State, not being liable to any legal process, can always dictate at its pleasure the provisions of a deed of composition; but it happens that public creditors can place a certain pressure on defaulting Governments by the help of the Stock Exchange in every great financial metropolis. If any description of grain were excluded from the corn-markets of the world, it would become unsaleable; and the value of stocks, as of other commodities, is dependent on facility of negotiation and transfer. It is solely in consequence of the exclusion of Spanish obligations from the principal money-markets that the Government has tardily assented to a scanty instalment of justice. When Spain is once admitted into the list of lawful borrowers, all unsatisfied claims will have been practically cancelled, but the penalty of bad faith will be exacted in the form of high interest on future loans, by way of insurance against the repetition of voluntary acts of bankruptcy. The present price of Spanish Three per Cent. stock is 36 per cent., or about half of the value which would attach to the obligations of a peaceful and flourishing State if former liabilities had been duly met. In other words, the Spanish Government can only borrow at eight or nine per cent. interest, while its resources would fully justify a rate of four and a-half or perhaps five per cent. The stock would be still further depreciated but for the reasonable expectation that Spanish Ministers will take warning by the discredit and embarrassment which have arisen from former acts of bad faith. The Spanish railways are for the most part insolvent, and for the present no capital can be raised to relieve the Companies from their difficulties. A large public expenditure for the completion and extension of the lines, and for the construction of highways to feed them with traffic, would be in the highest degree advantageous to the country and profitable to the Government; but loans, which are the only means of obtaining money for such purposes, could only be raised on the most onerous conditions.

The Queen of SPAIN boasted, in her late Speech to the Cortes, of the historical unity which has been preserved by adherence to the old traditions of the monarchy; and she added, that it was a beautiful spectacle to see the felicity with which modern improvements had been fitted into the ancient fabric. The repudiation of debts illustrates the fidelity with which Spanish precedents have been followed, while the partial recognition of the rights of creditors and of the power of the Stock Exchange confirms the Royal statement that the nation is awake to the changes of the modern world. Mr. MOTLEY, in one of the lately-published volumes of his valuable *History of the United Netherlands*, quotes a decree issued by PHILIP II. in 1597, which may perhaps impress the present rulers of Spain with a feeling of envious admiration. The document commences with a long recital of the inconvenience which has arisen from "the grievous damages, discount, and interest which have been forced upon us, and which at present obtain in the finances, bills of exchange, and other obligations which have been made and taken up in our name"; and the KING indignantly complains that the merchants and others who have hitherto lent him money refuse to lend any more, because they have already in their hands all the Royal revenues "by means of the said pledges, certificates, and transfers." It is accordingly thought necessary, not only to relieve the Crown from embarrassments so serious, but to perform an urgent duty to the more speculative part of the community, by putting an end "to such financiering and unhallowed prac-

tices with bills of exchange" which have diverted people from agricultural and mechanical pursuits into the immoral occupation of trade. For these and other reasons the KING "cancels and annihilates all the aforesaid interests and impositions," reserving to himself the right of meditating at some future time on the means of paying the extortionate merchants and traders the sums which he may consider properly due to them. All the mortgaged revenues are, from the date of the decree, to be paid into the Royal Treasury, and all other payments are declared null and void. Mr. MOTLEY adds that, a year later, it was found necessary to revoke the decree, probably because it became necessary to issue fresh obligations for the public service. In modern times, Spanish Ministers have not unfrequently, like PHILIP II., added to the injury of non-payment the insult of accusing the bondholders of greediness. Defaulting public debtors, on both sides of the Atlantic, are in the habit of taunting their creditors with the low price at which they may have purchased their stocks. The purchaser of a bad debt is not likely to buy at par, but it is hard that he should be treated as the holder of good security for the amount of his purchase-money, or that he should be assailed with reproaches for indulging in "the unhallowed practice" of financial speculation. PHILIP II., though his dominions extended over half the known world, had been engaged during all the later years of his reign in costly wars. ISABELLA II., if she holds a less conspicuous rank among European potentates, has witnessed during a quarter of a century no interruption of peace, except when her Ministers have engaged in some petty and gratuitous quarrel with Morocco or with the South American Republics. Spain is now rising in prosperity and population as rapidly as it declined under the House of Austria, and the only object for which loans would be necessary or desirable is the prosecution of reproductive undertakings. The offer of aid to France in any enterprise which may be undertaken on behalf of the POPE is a safe and cheap proclamation of the piety of the nation and the QUEEN. The Pyrenees, if they had been nominally levelled by LOUIS XIV. and by NAPOLEON, have been effectually rebuilt, and of all European countries Spain is the safest from the danger of foreign war. The little military outbreaks, which may be regarded as an indigenous institution, scarcely affect the community at large; and even when they are successful, they only entail on the country the expense of pay to a few more generals and field-marshal.

If the arbitrary settlement of the debt is accepted by the great mass of the holders, the value of Spanish stock will probably increase as past controversies and just reproaches are gradually forgotten. When it becomes possible to borrow money on comparatively easy terms, it will probably be for the interest of the country to contract considerable loans for purposes of public improvement. The proceeds of the taxes have almost doubled since the close of the civil war, and the Government might at any time largely increase the revenue, and greatly benefit the inhabitants of the country, by the substitution of a reasonable tariff for obsolete prohibitions and restrictions; yet there are many public objects which might be attained by a large outlay of money, and loans are the only means by which States can open a capital account. England, after setting the example of borrowing on an enormous scale, is almost the only civilized country which has not of late years largely increased its liabilities. The United States paid nearly the whole cost of the civil war with borrowed money; and France, since the establishment of the Empire, has added more than a hundred millions sterling to its debt. The new organization of the French army will almost certainly render a fresh loan necessary; and if recent precedents are followed, the Government will incur an additional expense by dealing directly with small capitalists instead of entering into a contract with the principal speculators in the Money-market. Italy is, perhaps fortunately, not in a condition to raise a loan except on ruinous terms, and the sale of the Church property, if it proceeds as it has begun, will furnish the means of meeting the most pressing difficulties. The Spanish Government has lately added to the floating debt by temporary loans contracted at home; but there can be little doubt that, if recent speculations improve its position in the Money-market, the advance of its credit will be discounted without delay. In the present collapse of railway and joint-stock speculation, and during the slackness of commercial demands for accommodation, it is not improbable that English capitalists will turn their attention to contracts for foreign loans. No branch of speculation is more legitimate if it is undertaken with sufficient care, and the element of disturbance which is contributed by sentimental and political preferences has been long since eliminated from operations in the Money-

market. Future lenders to Spain will not be biased by any enthusiastic hope that they are providing means for the propagation of constitutional liberty.

INDIAN PUBLIC WORKS.

THERE are signs that at length a more wholesome view of the duties of the Government of India, in promoting and executing public works, is beginning to prevail. No Governor-General since Lord DALHOUSIE has so fully appreciated the importance of railway and irrigation undertakings as Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, and it is especially satisfactory to hear that, after the teaching of many years' experience, it is beginning to be understood that the true policy of the Government points in the direction of buying out the interests of all existing and future shareholders. The guarantee system did wonders for India at a time when her rulers had not the sagacity or the courage to construct the railways required for the development and security of the Empire. But the good that has been done has been purchased at a high price. In substance, the bargain between the Companies and the Government was that all the capital required should be raised at five per cent. by the Government; that, if the railways failed to pay, the loss should be borne by the Treasury, and if they succeeded, as they have done, the profit should go to the Companies. Private enterprise really did nothing to create the network of Indian railways beyond advancing money on terms higher than those on which the Indian Government could borrow as much as it pleased. In return for this not very important assistance, the Government committed the construction and management of the lines to the Companies, with a bonus of one-half of the profits beyond the charge for interest until the Government payments under the guarantee were recouped, and the whole of the subsequent income. A more improvident contract could scarcely have been entered into, and all that the shareholders in Indian lines have gained, and will gain, by the transaction is so much money lost to the Government. Yet the benefit to India is so incalculable that no one would grudge the cost if it were double what it has been, always supposing that the same end might not have been achieved on less extravagant terms. It is certain, however, that the whole of the railway capital might have been borrowed at less than 5l. per cent. without any reversion of profit, and that the entire revenue, minus the interest, might have gone to swell the income of India. Nor would there have been any practical difficulties in the way of this simple solution of the problem. The same staff of engineers and other servants of the Companies who have actually constructed and worked the existing lines would certainly have taken service quite as readily under the Indian Government at the same, or perhaps even at lower, remuneration. The whole scheme was so far a blunder that it had only the excuse of enabling the Indian Government to borrow in disguise, on disadvantageous terms, at a time when the prejudices of men in office forbade them to borrow openly on more favourable conditions. The step is taken now, however, and can only be retraced by purchasing from the Companies, at a considerable sacrifice, works that the Government might have had at cost price without incurring any risk whatever beyond that which is involved in their guarantees. Some consciousness of this fact is shadowed forth by the intimation that the Indian Council are considering in what way the future purchase of the interests of shareholders may be facilitated. This return to common sense may, nevertheless, be a fatal spark of intelligence if it is not accompanied by a full conviction of the necessity of carrying on future Government works with at least as much energy as the Companies have displayed. Any plan is better than starving Indian enterprise; and unless the Government is prepared, as we hope and believe it is, to discard at once the petty maxim that its reproductive investments should be measured by the amount of its casual surpluses, it would be better far to continue the unthrifty guarantee system than to check the action of private shareholders without substituting an equal public effort in its place. It is curious to observe that, independently of the financial advantages of the plan, the acquisition of the railways is advocated in India on the very opposite assumption to that which is so prevalent at home. Here we take it for granted, notwithstanding our knowledge of what Company management is, that Government management would be infinitely worse, and that the State is utterly incapable of conducting any commercial undertaking with the exception of the Post Office. In India it is beginning to be felt that Government control and a quasi-official position are almost essential to enable railway functionaries to perform their duties with advantage, either to the interests

committed to their charge, or to the population of the districts which are traversed by their lines; and when every consideration points in one direction, there can be little doubt of what the future policy of India ought to be.

Irrigation works have from the first stood in a position different from that occupied by railways. Much hesitation was felt, and not without reason, before any Company was permitted to undertake duties and to reap profits which specially belonged to the owners of the land. No landlord in England would permit a Company to drain his land for their own profit, however convenient it may be found to borrow money from Land Companies on a first charge for the execution of such works. The method pursued here always leaves the ultimate profit in the hands of the landowner, and the Indian Government had every reason for adopting the same principle. Unfortunately, however, they were hampered by the same difficulty that stood in the way of the construction of railways. It was a traditional maxim—stupid enough, no doubt, but still all-powerful—that money ought not to be borrowed for the improvement of the great Imperial estate; and so in one instance a Company was allowed to take to itself the profits of the enterprise, on the terms of finding the capital which the Government could have raised with much more facility. At the time when this bargain was made, the vast amount of the returns that might be looked for was beginning to be understood, and the Company was placed under somewhat stringent conditions, enabling the Government to buy up their works, if they should ever be so minded, at a handsome but not an extravagant price. It seems that, in accordance with the turn which his railway policy has taken, Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has seen the advantage of exercising the right of purchase expressly reserved to the Government, the importance of the step being increased, though not created, by a temporary difficulty experienced by the Company in raising the funds required for the prosecution of its works. That the shareholders should grumble at the exercise of a contract-right by the Government, instead of coming forward and raising the additional capital themselves, is only what might be expected, and we can comprehend their disappointment, though we cannot see on what grounds they should object to the enforcement of a clause of purchase without which they know very well that they never would have been allowed to turn a sod in India. It was never meant that they should have an indefeasible right to all the profits that might flow from the irrigation of Indian lands. They were content to stipulate that, if they were bought out, it should be on certain specified terms, which would repay them their outlay with a handsome bonus; and having gained their position by this agreement, it is not for them to complain if it is enforced.

Another objection has been taken on public grounds to the proposed course. Sir ARTHUR COTTON, the highest possible authority on the subject, tells us that the Orissa works of the East Indian Irrigation Company will very soon produce a forty per cent. dividend; and he insists, rather oddly, that the Government, which expressly reserved a right of purchase because it foresaw the possibility of some such success, ought now to abstain from exercising its right and leave the whole of this vast profit to the Company which agreed to forego it. This proposition is startling enough, but it is only fair to say that, on Sir ARTHUR COTTON's assumptions, it would be fully justified. He takes it for granted that the only motive of the proposed Government purchase is supplied by the hatred of the "old Indian party," of which he seems to consider Sir JOHN LAWRENCE the representative, to any development of private enterprise in India. He further treats it as a matter beyond doubt that, when once Company interference was got rid of, the Government would become more supine than ever, and would do nothing effectual for the promotion of the grand system of irrigation to which no one has contributed so much as Sir ARTHUR COTTON. If this were so, and if the choice were between no irrigation at all and irrigation purchased by allowing a profit even of 40l. per cent to a Company, it would be better to have the irrigation at any price. But Sir ARTHUR COTTON himself tells us that the "Old Indians" are dying out, and that a new school of higher intelligence will soon be dominant. If so, why should it be assumed that this new school will want the wisdom to devote all its energies to a task which will not only prevent such disgraceful calamities as the Orissa famine, but will rapidly fill the Indian Treasury? It is quite true that hitherto the works undertaken by the Government have languished for want of funds. But are our Indian Governors never to be allowed to open their eyes to the stupid errors of the past? The very pro-

ject which Sir ARTHUR COTTON denounces—the purchase of the Orissa works—is dictated partly by the obvious advantage of keeping the rent and the water-rate in the same hands, partly by the inability of the Company to continue their operations without Government assistance, but mainly, no doubt, by that very prospect of immense returns which is urged as a reason for abandoning the right of purchase. Both in this and the cognate railway question we look upon the present attitude of the Government as a sign that the tide has turned, and that the sluggish apathy which has so long prevailed is about to be replaced by a beneficent activity. If this is not so, Sir ARTHUR COTTON is doubtless right in asking for the promotion of valuable reproductive works on any terms that any Company may desire, even up to forty per cent. profits. But clearly the proposal to hand the good things over to what is called private enterprise is only tenable on the hypothesis that the Government cannot or will not do the requisite work itself. That it can do so is patent, and that it will not be long suffered to neglect the duty, even if it is not already anxious to undertake it, is scarcely less certain. Under these circumstances Sir ARTHUR COTTON himself would surely prefer that the Government should do its duty rather than that it should abandon it in favour of private Companies. In one respect we heartily concur in Sir ARTHUR COTTON's view, and acknowledge that no reprobation would be too strong for a Government which should paralyse the efforts either of Railway or Irrigation Companies without effectually performing the work which they are willing to engage in. But we have no right to attribute this amount of perversity and folly to those by whom India is at present governed.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS.

WE men boast, as Homer said, to be braver than our fathers; but, as a sort of compensation, our women are far more sensitive than their grandmothers. Phyllis has ceased to laugh at Mr. Spectator's criticisms on her fan and her patches; but then it may be doubted whether Phyllis ever did laugh very heartily at Mr. Spectator. Women have run through all the list of moral and intellectual qualities in their time, but we do not remember an instance of a really humorous woman. Witty women there have been, and no doubt are still in plenty, but the world has still to welcome its feminine Addison. The higher a man's nature, the keener seems his enjoyment of his own irony and mockery of his own foibles; but did any woman ever seriously sit down to write a "Roundabout Paper"? Women, we are generally told, are especially "self-conscious"; in fact, the whole theory of women, philosophically stated, from the shyness of the miss in her 'teens to the audacious flirtation of a heroine of the season, rests wholly on the assumed basis of "self-consciousness." But it is self-consciousness of a very peculiar and feminine sort—a consciousness, not of themselves in themselves, but of the reflection of themselves in others, of the impression they make on the world-around. Woman, we suspect, lives always before her glass, and makes a mirror of existence. But for downright self-analysis, we repeat, she has little or no taste. A female Montaigne, a female Thackeray, would be a sheer impossibility.

We have been led, as the *Spectator* would have said, into these reflections by the chorus of shrill indignation with which the world of woman encounters the slightest comment of extraneous critics. The censor is at once told flatly that he knows nothing of woman. He is a bachelor, he is blighted in love, he is envious, spiteful; he is blind, deaf, dumb. All this goes without saying, as the French have it, but he is certainly ignorant. The truth is, it is woman who knows nothing of herself. It is only self-analysis which reveals to us our inner anomalies, our ridiculous self-contrasts; it is humour which recognises and amuses itself with their existence. But it is just the absence of this sense of anomaly in her nature or her life that is the charm of woman. Christmas has been bringing us, among its other festivities, a few of those delightful amusements called private theatricals; and in private theatricals all are agreed with Becky Sharpe, that woman reigns supreme. We were present the other day at an entertaining little comedy of this kind, where the whole interest of the piece was absorbed by a fascinating widow and an intriguing attorney, and where both these parts were sustained with singular ability and success. The amateur who played the lawyer seized the general idea of his rôle with perfect accuracy; in four minutes it was admirably rendered to his audience, but in four minutes it was exhausted. The preliminary cough, the constant angularity of attitude in the midst of perpetual fidget, the indicative finger from which the legal remarks seemed to pop off as from a pocket-pistol, were grasped at once, and remained unvaried, undeveloped to the close. The very ability with which the actor rendered the inner unity of legal existence, the very fidelity with which he represented the lawyer as a class, denied to him the subtle charm of the only unity which life as a representation exhibits—the charm of a unity of outer impression arising out of perpetual inner variety. His feminine rival won her laurels just because she made no attempt to grasp any general idea at all, but abandoned herself

freely to the phases of the character as it encountered the various other characters of the piece. Whether as the frivolous widow or the daring coquette, as the practical woman of business or the unprotected female, as the flirt in her wildest extravagance or the wife in her most melting moods, she aimed at no artistic unity beyond the general unity of sex. She remained simply woman, and all this prodigious versatility was, as the audience observed, "so charmingly natural," just because it is woman's life. "On the stage," if we may venture to apply the lines about Garrick:—

On the stage she is natural, simple, affecting—
It is only that when she is off she is acting.

In actual fact she is acting whether off the boards or on, but the mere existence in outer impressions, in the unity of a constant admiration, which critics applaud as natural on the stage, they are unreasonably hard upon in general society. A man on the boards is doing an unusual and exceptional thing, and as a rule the very effort he makes to do it only enhances his failure; but a woman on the boards is only doing, under very favourable circumstances, what she does every day with less notice and applause. There can be no wonder if she is "charmingly natural," but this naturalness depends, as we have seen, on the entire absence of what in men is called self-consciousness—that is, the sense of anomaly. When a critic then ventures to open this inner existence, and to give woman a peep at herself, we cannot be astonished at the scream of indignation which greets his efforts. But we may be permitted to repeat that the scream proves, not that he knows nothing of woman, but that woman knows nothing of herself.

We are afraid, however, that all this feminine resentment points to a radical defect in the mind of woman, which she is alternately proud to acknowledge and resolute to deny. Frenchmen of the Thiers sort have a trick to which they give the amusing name of logic; they present their reader with a couple of alternatives which they assert divide the universe, and bid you choose "of these two one." But any ordinary woman presents to the observer a hundred distinct alternatives, and defies him to choose any one in particular. There is no special reason, then, for astonishment at the coolness with which she sets herself up one moment as a "deductive creature," as one who attains the highest flights of knowledge by intuition rather than by reason, and the next poses herself as the one specially rational being in her household, and waits patiently till her husband is reasonable too. We are sometimes afraid that neither one nor the other of these theories will hold water, and feel inclined to agree with one of the most brilliant of her sex that, if woman loves with her head, she thinks with her heart. As a rule, certainly, she judges through her affections. She does not praise or blame; she loves or hates. The one thing she cannot understand is a purely intellectual criticism, the sort of morbid anatomy of the mind which treats its subject as a mere dead thing simply useful for demonstration. Very naturally, she attributes the same spirit of affectional intelligence to her critics as to herself; and when they unravel a few of her inconsistencies, amuse themselves with a few follies, or even venture to point out a few faults, she brands them as "hating" or "despising" woman. Point, too, is given to the charge by the fact that these affections through which she lives are from their very nature incapable of dealing with qualities, and naturally transform them into persons. A woman does not love her lover's courage or truth or honour; she loves her lover. If she prizes his qualities at all it is simply because they are inherent in him, and so she gives herself very little trouble to distinguish between his bad qualities and his good ones. She considers herself bound to defend his characteristics in the mass, and if she seems to give up his extravagance or his rakishness, it is only with a secret determination that this concession to the world shall be balanced by an increase of adoration at home. As she deals with mankind, so she expects mankind, and especially the mankind of criticism, to deal with her. It is in vain that her censor replies that he only blamed her bonnet-strings or attacked the colour of her shoe-tie. Woman's answer is that he has attacked woman. This folly, that absurdity, are in woman's mind herself, and their assailant is her own personal antagonist. "Love me all in all or not at all" is a woman's song, not in Mr. Tennyson's *Idyl* only, but all the world over. The discriminating admiration, the constitutional obedience which still claims to preserve a certain reticence and caution in its loyalty, are more alien to woman's feelings than the refusal of all worship, all obedience whatever. "Picking her to pieces" is the phrase in which she describes the critical process against which she revolts, and it is a phrase which, in a woman's mouth, is the prelude to the bitterest warfare.

There is a more amiable, if a hardly more intelligent, trait in woman's character which renders her singularly averse to all criticism. Men can hardly be described as loyal to men. Whether it be their exaggerated self-esteem, their individuality, or their reason, it is certain that they do not imagine the honour of their sex to be concerned in the conduct of each particular member of it. The lawyer laughs over a little gentle fun when it is poked at his neighbour the vicar, and the parson has his amusement out of the exposure of the foibles of his friend the attorney. What they never dream of is the flinging over each other's defects the general cloak of manhood, and rallying at every smile of criticism under the general banner of the sex. But woman, in front of the enemy, piques herself on her *solidarité*. Flirt or prude, prim or gay, foolish or wise, woman, once criticized, cries to her sisters, and is recognised and defended as woman. All feminine comment, all internal

censure, is hushed before the foe. The tittle-tattle of the gossip, the social intrigues of the dowager, are adopted as frankly as the self-devotion of a Miss Nightingale. The door of refuge is flung open as widely for the foolish virgins as for the wise. All distinctions of age, of conduct, of intelligence, of rank are annihilated or forgotten in the presence of the enemy. Every fault is to be defended, every weakness to be held stoutly against his attacks. "No surrender" is the order of the day. It is only when the criticism of the outer world withdraws that woman's internal criticism recommences. This is, indeed, half the offence of outer assailants, that they suspend and injure the working of that inner discipline which woman exerts over woman. Mrs. Proudie, it has been said, is the Church. Women certainly present the only analogy in the present day to that claim of internal jurisdiction for which the Church struggled so gallantly in the middle ages. No one who sees the serried ranks with which she encounters all investigation from without would imagine the severity with which she administers justice within. Like the Westphalian *Vehm-gericht*, the mystery of feminine courts is only equalled by their terrible sentences. Mrs. Grundy on the seat of justice is a Rhadamanthus to whom criticism may fairly leave an erring sister. But all this in nowise weakens the firmness of woman's attitude before an outer foe. She claims absolute right to all hanging, drawing, and quartering on her domains. Like a feudal baron, she will yield to no man her stocks and her gallows. But to judge from the prim front of her squares, the cordial grasp of hand-in-hand with which they form to resist all masculine charges, no one would imagine the ruthless severity with which woman was breaking some poor drummer-boy inside.

We are bound, however, to add, that in all our remarks we have only been nibbling at the outer rind of a great difficulty. Woman has characteristically fallen back on a grand principle, and has asserted her absolute immunity from all criticism whatever. It is not merely that this critic is deaf or that critic malignant, that one censor is ignorant and another basely envious of woman. All this special pleading is totally flung aside, and the defence stands on a basis of the most uncompromising sort. No man, it is asserted, can judge woman, because no man can understand her. She is the Sphinx of modern investigation, and man is not fated to be her *Œdipus*. We can conceive of few announcements more welcome, if it be only true. In an age when everything seems pretty well discovered, when one cannot preserve even a shred of mystery to cloak the bareness of one's life, when the very surface of the globe is all mapped out, and the mysterious griffins of untraversed deserts are vanishing from the map, it is an amazing relief to know that an unsolved, nay more, that an insoluble, mystery is standing on one's very hearth-rug. No wonder great philosophers have spent their lives in vain in looking for the riddle of existence, when they never dreamt of looking for it at home. Why woman is so peculiarly mysterious, why the laws of her nature are so specially unintelligible to a common world, we have not yet been informed. What is asserted is simply the fact of this mystery, and before that great fact criticism retires. All that remains for it is to pray and to wait, to hope for a revelation from within, since it is forbidden any exploration from without. Some prophetess, no doubt a veiled prophetess herself, will arise to lift the veil of her sex. Woman, let us hope, will at last unriddle woman. Smit by the sunbeams, or rather by the moonbeams, of self-discovery, the Sphinx of modern times will reveal in weird and superhuman music the mystery of her existence.

LONGEVITY.

AN amusing article in the new number of the *Quarterly Review* carries on the long controversy as to longevity originally started by Sir G. C. Lewis. The Reviewer believes that his incredulity was gradually giving way in the case of women, although he still maintained that no male had ever lived to the age of a hundred. The argument can only be effectually closed by producing some case resting on thoroughly satisfactory evidence. The Reviewer is inclined to believe in Old Parr and the Countess of Desmond, but he must admit that there is enough of the fabulous mixed up with their stories to justify any one who takes the sceptical side. The strongest argument in the negative direction appears to be that on which Sir G. C. Lewis relied, that, since the Christian era, no case has been alleged of any person of royal or noble birth having reached the magic limit. It is not quite sufficient to reply that such persons are exposed to greater risks than those of lower rank; though there is, of course, some weight in the consideration. The case is as if we should find that, wherever we have been able to measure accurately, we have never found men above (say) eight feet in height, but that the alleged stature increases in proportion as we listen to travellers from remote districts, or examine prehistorical records. Such a result would necessarily follow if travellers despise a servile adherence to the truth, and if popular traditions exaggerate. Seen through the mist which obscures distant ages or remote countries, the giants appear still more gigantic, and we should naturally infer that the ten or twenty feet monsters, when brought into clear daylight, might shrink to the dimensions of accurately recorded cases. Now the cases of longevity are in a similar predicament. If we are never told that kings and nobles have lived to a hundred, the reason may indeed be that they lead more perilous lives, and therefore could not be said truly to have lived to a

hundred. But it may also be that, as the dates of their births and deaths were notorious, nobody had the impudence to assert falsely that they lived to a hundred. In short, if in all the cases which admit of an easy test centenarians are unknown, there is at least a presumption against the obscure centenarians who generally grow up in places where the system of registration is unknown, and where scepticism is less common than a love of the marvellous. This presumption may, of course, be rebutted by one clear case to the contrary. We cannot say *a priori* that no man can live two or three years beyond the age of 99, of which there are numerous well-authenticated instances, any more than we say dogmatically that no man can grow to a height of 8 ft. 2 in., after several historical giants have already reached 8 ft. The *Quarterly Reviewer* produces two or three instances which appear to rest upon a fair amount of evidence; but we cannot point to any conclusive and crushing blow to the sceptic. One of the best cases probably is a Mrs. Williams, who died at 102, in 1841, and who made a speech to her tenantry, upstanding, on her hundredth birthday. This story is told by her great-grandson, and has the advantage that the lady was in a position of life in which the date of her birth would probably be easily ascertainable. One or two old incumbents, a class notorious for living, are still better authenticated.

The whole controversy is a rather curious instance of the importance of round numbers to the imagination. If we had reckoned in years of a slightly different length, no one would have fixed upon the corresponding number in a new scale, say 107 or 93, as the absolute limit of age. The question as to the two or three years more or less, at that age, does not seem to be one of special interest; a man of 30 would probably consent to be put to death at 100 for a very moderate consideration—say a five-pound note, or a dinner at Greenwich. But we should all be glad to know how to make a decent approximation to a patriarchal age. Here the records of extreme longevity are curiously defective in their teaching. In a general way, it is of course better to be regular, of virtuous habits, and cleanly life; but these things do not seem to be essential. There was a story the other day, in the American papers, of a teetotaler who called upon some nonagenarian and asked for the secret of his long life; he had heard that he was regular in his habits, and hoped that he was a total abstainer. The venerable patriarch admitted the regularity, but added that it consisted in regularly chewing tobacco, "liquoring up" with the regularity of a steam-engine, and regularly going to bed drunk. This possibly mythical person does not seem to be entirely exceptional. Many persons have lived to great ages in spite of the usual sanitary rules. A charming old lady of 106 never washed, but steadily smeared her neck and face with hog's lard and her cheeks with rouge. An old parson, of nearly equal longevity, never took any exercise for 35 years, but consumed buttered rolls and ate roast-meat for supper; while amongst other heroes we find a hard-drinking smuggler and a "soaking fox-hunting squire." And the Reviewer is reduced to mention as the principal cause of living long "a certain mental and bodily predisposition to longevity," which is scarcely a satisfactory conclusion. It is much like saying that, if you wish for a good appetite, your best chance is to have a strong mental and bodily aptitude for taking food.

Certain more definite conditions, however, are tolerably well made out, and are worth a moment's consideration. Few people make it a distinct aim to live as long as possible, though, if a simple expedient were offered them for securing old age, they would probably adopt it. If an elixir, made according to old recipes of powdered vipers, could renew our youth, vipers would doubtless rise in the market. Long life, however, is offered to us on very different terms. If a man's heart or intellect had been good for anything, as was said of one of those determined lingerers in this world, they would have worn out his body long ago. There seems to be a good deal of truth in the doctrine. Excitement is clearly a bad thing; it keeps the machinery working at too high a pressure; but, never to be excited, a man must never take a keen interest in anything. Steady work may be on the whole conducive to health, but the kind of work which involves sudden or very strenuous exertion is necessarily prejudicial; it will strain the machinery in some weak place, and leave some fatal flaw certain to be found out by time; therefore we must avoid any enthusiasm which will hurry us into momentary forgetfulness of ourselves. Warm affections, again, are distinctly prejudicial; they subject their owner to constant anxiety, and are as wearing as the excitement produced by gambling or politics. A warmhearted man will be put out if his wife is dying, and will forget his regular hours for taking his sleep or his meals. Nothing is more exhausting for the time than nursing a friend through a long illness, unless you can say with a good conscience that you don't take much interest in the result; and that you can put him out of your mind, and retire calmly to rest, at a moment's notice. Of course, there are some persons who have lived to great ages in spite of enthusiasm or warm affections or energetic work; but so there are people who have lived in spite of drinking, and filthy habits, and indifference to regular exercise. Many men have survived battles in spite of the bravest exposure to danger; but the man who fights and runs away has an advantage which the poet has pointed out with undeniable force. To be thoroughly cold-blooded and selfish is to rise a few points in the betting upon the great event; in the race against time, such a man has a better chance of rising a comparative winner. In short, the conditions of individual longevity resemble those which are favourable to the permanence of species in the world. It

appears from geology that the simplest animals are those which live through the greatest number of epochs. The animal which consists of nothing but a stomach remains unchanged from the most distant point of time down to the present day; it survives races with higher organizations; and every new faculty involves a new chance of decay, because it requires a more special adaptation of conditions. In like manner, to live long, a man ought to be as little as possible beyond a stomach; he should sacrifice everything to keep his digestive apparatus in good working order; he should never allow his pulse to quicken, or any external event to prevent him from reposing properly after his meals, or, still more, from neglecting that essential part of the day's business. To row a University boat-race is a dangerous thing, according to experienced surgeons, because it involves a certain unusual strain; a lad should take his exercise in strict moderation, walk his ten miles a day at the rate of four miles an hour, and never indulge in gymnastic pursuits without feeling his pulse and consulting his doctor. He should carry the same theory into more mature pursuits. He should set before him, as a warning, the case of Old Parr, who was killed, at the age of 152, by coming to the excitement of London instead of vegetating in Shropshire upon a regular allowance of bread and cheese; and, as an example, that of the admirable Cornaro, mentioned by the *Quarterly Review*, who had arrived at such perfection that at the age of 95 "neither the death of grandchildren nor of other relations or friends could make any impression on him but for a moment or two." Tennyson has admirably described this state of mind in the grandmother's apology; but she scarcely deserves her longevity after the degrading confession, "Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best."

The moral is not, at first sight, a very improving one. The *Quarterly Reviewer* suggests an escape from such unpleasant conclusions by expatiating on the advantages which old men derive from mixing with the young. It saves them, he urges, from the dangers of stagnation; but then it seems that stagnation is, in this point of view, a desirable consummation. If we prefer living long to living much, the ideal state would be that of a gentleman with a thousand a year in the Three per Cents. living in a healthy district on 500*l.* a year, never reading the newspapers, keeping regular hours, eating and drinking the same weight of food daily, and employing his intellect upon the solution of double acrostics. We may find a more satisfactory answer by disputing the advantages of over-long life. Under the Jewish dispensation, length of days was held out as a reward; but the Jews lived in comparatively quiet times. A man who could sit under his own fig-tree without a newspaper or an electric telegraph or any of the thoughts that shake mankind could doubtless devote himself to the pursuit of long life at a smaller sacrifice; he would not be under the necessity of throwing overboard such a number of fine feelings and enthusiasms as beset us in these exciting days. We must console ourselves with the reflection that it is very bad policy to be dull in one's youth in order that one may enjoy a placid—or, in other words, a stupid and monotonous—old age. If we are to consider ourselves as entitled to draw upon a certain fund of pleasurable excitement, with the power of taking it all at once or spreading the expenditure over a considerable time, it is probably pleasantest to take our pleasure as quickly as may be, consistently with avoiding a shortsighted greediness. If we cram too much into a day, we enjoy nothing. But on the theory that our pulse is to beat a certain definite number of times, and that every instinct which makes it beat quicker only burns the candle the faster, it would appear that there is a certain rate of waste which gives a maximum of pleasure, and that any deviation in either direction is so far a mistake. It is not worth while to put ourselves under a glass case, for the sake of a few more years in such unpleasant confinement.

IS WESTMINSTER ABBEY A ROYAL PALACE?

THERE is something exciting, not to say sensational, in seeing the above question standing, as it did a few days back, as the heading of the Report of a London Police Court. A local question about a pipe for heating some part of the Abbey buildings raises, under a local Act, all the points of law, history, and antiquities which are at once involved. The pipe, if we rightly understand the story, went somewhere through the Jerusalem Chamber. We trust therefore that it is a pipe for hot air, for to carry hot water into that particular part of the world would surely be a carrying of coals to Newcastle. To the sitting magistrate the relief must have been not small. It must have been a white day when he could turn from the wrongs of cab-horses and the misdemeanours of cabmen, or from the defence of a distressed poet charged for wine which he had never ordered, to hear two learned gentlemen explain the whole history of Westminster Abbey from the days of the Confessor onwards. Did it ever happen before that the Bayeux Tapestry was put in as evidence before a stipendiary magistrate? We once heard of Domesday being quoted at a Board of Guardians; but that must have been dull work compared with the actual production of a drawing—we hope properly coloured—of that most adventurous man who seems to be planting a weathercock on the east end of the minster. We hope the part exhibited was not so rigidly confined to that which immediately bore upon the subject as to hinder the magistrate and the assembled spectators from looking on further and seeing the comet in all its glory. As the Tapestry

is neither too old nor too authentic, so Dean Stanley's Guide to the Monuments is neither too new nor too blundering for the counsel—practically counsel for the Dean and Chapter—to quote it as an authority of equal value with Bishop Odo's history in stitch-work. Altogether these literary, antiquarian, and pictorial entertainments must have been a sort of green oasis in the dreary life of a Police Court. We trust however that the learned counsel, who represented nominally a mason and a builder, but in reality, as we are told, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, has been misrepresented by his reporters. To be sure he was at best placed in a very odd position. He had to make out, on behalf of his clients, that the freehold of his clients was not their own freehold, but the freehold of somebody else. That unlucky heating-pipe seems to have turned things altogether upside down. It is as when the Athenian seamen defended the Lacedæmonian coast against the Lacedæmonian landmen. The counsel for the Chapter works hard to prove that the Abbey does not belong to the Chapter, while the counsel for the other side begs to assure them that it is their own undoubted freehold. Perhaps then, after all, it was not, as we thought, a figure of speech, when the Dean told the American Bishop that the Abbey belonged to "the whole Church and people of England." Unluckily the whole Church and people of England are not, in the eye of the law, a corporation capable of holding freehold property. A very similar difficulty was felt in the time of Henry the Third. The whole nobility, clergy, and commonalty of England wrote a letter to the Pope to complain of divers of his detestable enormities. But the letter wanted a seal, and the whole nobility, clergy, and commonalty of England did not boast of a common seal. Some rash person might suggest that the King's seal would have been the right thing, the King being the representative of his people. But, alas, in this case the King was not the representative of his people, but was rather art and part with the Bishop of Rome. So the nobility, clergy, and commonalty of England borrowed the seal of the City of London. Now however this last difficulty does not occur. There is no hindrance in the way of her present Majesty being accepted as the representative of the whole Church and people of England, to whom, as the Dean has told us, the Abbey belongs. As such she is, it seems, freeholder of the Abbey, supreme over the very Sub-Dean himself. As such we can only hope that in her princely wisdom she may, if need be with the advice of her Privy Council, devise some means for teaching accuracy to Westminster Deans and civility to Westminster vergers.

Before anybody can determine in whom is vested the freehold of Westminster Abbey, he must first make up his own mind what he means by Westminster Abbey. On this head the ideas of Mr. Richards (unless again his reporter has misrepresented him) are by no means clear. He tells us that the Crown jewels are, on the night before a Coronation, kept in the Jerusalem Chamber; the Jerusalem Chamber, he adds, "communicating with the Abbey by a door." Mr. Philbrick sets him right as to his fact; the jewels are not kept in the Jerusalem Chamber, which would be a most strange place for the purpose, but in the Jewel-room. But how about the Jerusalem Chamber "communicating with the Abbey"? What is "the Abbey"? Mr. Richards (or his reporter) clearly uses the word in the vulgar sense, as meaning simply the church. But the words "the Abbey," as applied to a building or buildings, take in, in all reason, not only the church, but all the conventual buildings. The Jerusalem Chamber is itself part of the Abbey, and cannot, with any accuracy of speech, be said to communicate with the Abbey. It is in this ambiguous use of the word that we may probably find the source of confusion. When all the possessions of the Abbot and Convent of Westminster came into the hands of the Crown in the time of Henry the Eighth, part of the conventual buildings, including the church, were granted to the new Dean and Chapter; another part, including the chapter-house, remained the property of the Crown. The Crown is therefore undoubtedly the freeholder of a part of "Westminster Abbey"; whether that fact entitles that part of "Westminster Abbey" to be called a palace or part of a palace, is another question. But the undoubted freehold right which the Crown has in the chapter-house goes no way at all to prove so odd a proposition as that "Westminster Abbey," meaning thereby it would seem the church, is a royal palace.

Mr. Richards' arguments are throughout truly amazing. First of all, we have the reference to the Bayeux Tapestry. What is the legal value of this evidence to begin with? And, if admitted, what does it prove? Mr. Richards' pictorial argument is this. The church and the palace were, *tempore Regis Edwardi*, so near that a man could stand on one and set up a weathercock on the other; therefore the church is, *tempore Regina Victoria*, the freehold of the Crown. Many a time have we puzzled over that mysterious man with the weathercock, but we never before thought of his being made the subject of a legal argument, least of all so odd an argument as this. As it is a matter of law, we desire further proof that it is the palace, or any part of the palace on which he is standing. We desire the testimony of experts, of architects on the one hand and of anatomists on the other hand, whether two distinct buildings can stand so near together, and whether any man ever had such long legs and so firm a hold that he really could stand on one building and set up a weathercock on the other. The whole picture, to our eyes, deviates somewhat from ordinary rules of proportion. The man with the weathercock is remarkably large as compared with the church, as indeed are

the bearers of the King's body at the other end, who are a good deal taller than the building which they are about to enter. If Mr. Richards were merely going to use the man with the weathercock to support an antiquarian theory, we would not make all these small cavils. But the man and his legs are made to carry the weight of a legal argument, and we must therefore be duly exact. Looking at the matter with a legal eye, we cannot admit that the man with the weathercock proves anything as to the present freehold of any spot or building whatever.

After this dive into early English history Mr. Richards with one bound "passes over the events of the middle ages and the charter of Queen Elizabeth." Marry, this is somewhat. The long legs of the man with the weathercock could hardly have carried him further at a single step. How about Henry the Eighth, the most important person, one would have thought, in the whole story? Did he, or did he not, grant the freehold of the church to the Dean and Chapter? If he did, was it ever surrendered again under Edward or Elizabeth? Some parts of the Abbey were undoubtedly alienated under Edward; was the freehold of the church affected? Under Mary Westminster again became really an Abbey instead of a secular foundation. Was the freehold touched then? These are surely none of them matters to be passed by so gaily. Then, as to the charter of Elizabeth. Mr. Richards "admits that it dissolved monasteries and made Westminster Abbey subject to the control of an Abbot and twelve prebendaries." Astounding doings on the part of the great Protestant Queen. We pass over the smaller questions how a charter could "dissolve monasteries," or what the dissolution of any monastery besides Westminster can have to do with the matter. This amazing charter, which at one swoop dissolves monasteries, nevertheless makes Westminster Abbey subject to the control of an Abbot. Does this exemplify that fluctuation or vacillation, both in religion and in other matters, with which Mr. Froude and Mr. Motley so often charge her Virgin Majesty? She founds not, like other people, either an Abbot and Monks or a Dean and Prebendaries, but an Abbot and Prebendaries; the most singular mixture of religious and secular elements on record. Canterbury Hall, with its mixture of monastic and secular students, was nothing to the Abbot and twelve Prebendaries of Westminster. That we have never come across any Abbot of Westminster, since Feckenham but only Deans, may be our own fault and not Mr. Richards' (or his reporter's) error. But we have another explanation. Is not this newly-found Abbot of Westminster the natural development of the last found functionary but one, the Metropolitan Dean? We proved a few weeks ago that, if there was, as the highest authority said there was, a Metropolitan Dean at Westminster, it followed that the church of Westminster was the metropolitan church of the Archbishop of Westminster. Has Archbishop Manning begun, like Archbishop Dunstan and his colleagues, to substitute regulars for seculars? Has Dr. Stanley taken the vows, or has he been driven out to make room for some one who has? Happily it would seem, the Prebendaries, even though reduced in numbers and bearing a modern title, remain true, by Mr. Richards' own admission, to the secular life and seemingly to the Protestant religion.

The truth is that the whole matter turns on those charters of Henry and Elizabeth which Mr. Richards "passes over." What are their contents? What did Henry grant? Was his grant ever revoked? If so, what did Elizabeth grant or not grant? The thing lies in a nutshell. Did Henry or Elizabeth grant the freehold of the church to the Dean and Chapter or did they not? We presume the charters exist. Let them be brought forth and examined. They will prove the matter one way or the other, but talk about the Bayeux Tapestry and the Jerusalem Chamber proves nothing.

Just as little is proved by the fact that at a Coronation the church is for the time given over to the Crown and its officers, and that the Dean and Chapter are for the time set aside. No doubt this is so, either by law or by immemorial custom, and it could hardly be otherwise. But that the Chapter grants to the Crown, or even that the Crown has a legal right to demand of the Chapter, the exclusive use of the church for a certain time for a certain purpose, this proves absolutely nothing as to the freehold. Something of the sort takes place whenever the Sovereign visits one of her subjects. The master of the house is as completely ousted for the time as the Dean and Chapter, but his freehold is in no way affected. In short, this strange argument is simply set aside by the facts quoted by the counsel on the other side.

Add to all this the statement, more astounding than all, that George the Fourth held his coronation banquet in the church, and that it was there that the champion rode in! This must be the reporter. Surely no member of the Bar can be so invincibly ignorant as not to distinguish Westminster Abbey from Westminster Hall.

People were amused a few years back when, at Oxford, a Court used commonly only to decide small matters of debt was suddenly called on to judge the gravest questions of theology. It is about as grotesque when a police magistrate is asked to decide questions about the Bayeux Tapestry. Mr. Arnold has wisely driven the contending antiquaries from the judgment seat; he will be no judge of words and names and of their law, even though it be the law of the Confessor himself. We know not who prompted this most unwise exhibition. But we can conceive nothing more likely

to draw historical and antiquarian studies into contempt than to trot them out in this absurd way at times and places when they are altogether alien to the matter in hand.

THE NATAL BISHOPRIC.

THE consideration of the expediency of the consecration of a new Bishop who is to supersede Dr. Colenso in the administration of the See of Natal—which event is, or at any rate was, intended to take place to-day—need not attract us into a dreary essay on the ecclesiastical history of the last few years. We may review what is called the situation by simply accepting the situation. Here, in January, 1868, the Church and its interests find themselves in a certain position, and the more entirely the consideration of that position is disencumbered of what is not essential to the immediate subject—the easier is it to discuss a question which, though subordinate to the main issue, may have very important consequences. To understand whether the single step now proposed by the Bishop of Cape Town is right, or politic, we are not bound to discuss Bishop Colenso's teaching, or the circumstances under which he was consecrated, his relations to Bishop Gray, how Bishop Gray became a Metropolitan, what was done in the accusation and trial of Bishop Colenso, what the Anglican Bishops formally or privately have pronounced on Bishop Colenso's case, or the constitution of the South African Church, or any such matters. The immediate issue is very narrow indeed; and it need not embrace other points than these—whether, since January, 1867, when Mr. Butler was advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford to decline to be consecrated Bishop in order to take charge of the Natal Church, circumstances have so altered that the reasons suggested for his refusal of, or suspension of assent to take, the office have been so far removed or modified as to justify any other clergyman in taking it; and—which of course is implied, and is of much more consequence—whether there is any justification for the Bishop of Capetown, and any other two or more Bishops whom he may associate with him, to consecrate a Bishop for Natal at this particular moment and here in England.

In October, 1866, certain of the Natal clergy resolved, "praying for guidance from Almighty God, to choose a holy man whom they might present to the Metropolitan to be consecrated Bishop over the Church in Natal." They also "passed a resolution" to the effect "that if the person now elected be hindered from accepting the holy office, the Bishops of Cape Town and Graham's Town be requested to choose, with the concurrence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a fit and proper person; whom, when canonically consecrated, we hereby bind ourselves to accept as our Bishop." On this occasion Mr. Butler was chosen, and his election was notified to the Metropolitan, and by him to the other Bishops of the South African province, to the Bishop Elect, and to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Doubts were expressed as to the canonicity of the election, and were so far entertained by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Butler's diocesan, to whom that gentleman referred himself, that they, "before advising him to accept the office, suggested certain grave doubts which required to be solved." More particularly they advised that Mr. Butler "had a right to require, 1. That the canonicity of his election is certain. 2. That it will be recognised by the Metropolitan and Suffragans of the Province as canonical. 3. That it will be so recognised by the Church at home." Very important assumptions were openly made in that letter; and the Archbishop and Bishop had already adopted very definite conclusions. They say, "That the decision of the Judicial Committee had determined the position of our Church in South Africa to be that of a purely voluntary spiritual society, and that the Letters Patent held by Dr. Colenso confer on him no canonical jurisdiction or authority; that there is nothing in his legal position to prevent the election of a Bishop over them by those of our communion in South Africa who, with us, hold him to have been canonically deposed from his spiritual office. Considering, then, the post of Bishop to be vacant and the needs of that district of South Africa to be urgent, we dare not advise you to refuse the call which has been made on you. But"—as we have said, the Archbishop and Bishop went on to suggest that Mr. Butler should be fully certified and informed on the three points specified, for the very important reason, that "it is evidently of the utmost moment that no room should be left in the action which you are invited to take for creating a schism which would still further divide and weaken the charge"—"a great danger and unusually important," they add.

Here it will be observed that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford had come to the conclusion—with which we have nothing now to do—that Bishop Colenso had been canonically deposed; that the See of Natal was vacant; and that it was quite competent, supposing certain considerations settled, for a clergyman to be consecrated and for Bishops to consecrate to the vacant see. But, these considerations not settled, it was highly inexpedient and perhaps schismatical that such a consecration should take place. Such being, on this high authority, the state of the case twelve months ago, the question is at this moment narrowed to the one single point—Have those doubts, suggested in January, 1867, been removed now in January, 1868? The course of events since that date seems to have been this:—Proceedings were taken in Natal to revise or to strengthen the evidence of the canonicity of Mr. Butler's election, and assurance was

gained that the South African Bishops—i.e. the Bishops of Graham's Town, of the Orange River State, and of St. Helena—would accept Mr. Butler if consecrated; and in consequence during the last year—date not given—the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of Oxford declared, in a second letter to Mr. Butler, their opinion in these words:—

1. That you are duly elected and chosen by a large majority of the clergy and lay communicants, &c., within the territory of Natal to be their Bishop with your see at Pietermaritzburg. 2. We have ascertained that the Bishops of South Africa who are in connexion with the Church of England are ready to confirm your selection and to act upon it.

For some personal reasons Mr. Butler eventually declined the post. But it has been announced that a gentleman, Mr. Macrorie, formerly incumbent of Wapping in the diocese of London, has been found willing to accept this new see, and is to be consecrated to-day. It follows, then, that in the judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford all those conditions and prerequisites which they thought so essential last January, and which they deemed of such grave consequence that, were they not fulfilled, more harm than good would be done by consecrating a new Bishop, have been fulfilled. Or those distinguished prelates must at this moment have satisfied themselves that the whole of what they required last January is not necessary this January. And it is quite plain that last January they required to be satisfied of three things—1. The canonicity of the election. 2. The recognition of the election by the whole South African Episcopate. 3. The recognition of the election by the Church at home. And it is equally certain that his Grace and his Lordship have satisfied themselves on the first two points; and their second letter to Mr. Butler conveys this their satisfaction. But it is also certain that this very same letter, the second, makes no mention whatever of the third point which was insisted on in January, 1867—the recognition of the proposed new Bishop "by the Church at home." We are therefore led to the conclusion which is unavoidable—1. Either that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford have, though they say nothing about it, satisfied themselves of that home recognition of the new Bishop; 2. Or that such recognition is not found, or considered, to be necessary. That is to say, whereas twelve months ago they defined three conditions precedent, now they think that one of those three so defined in 1867 was superfluous and unnecessary, and that the two are sufficient.

This is the situation. We take it precisely and exactly as the Archbishop and Bishop have taken it. We admit the view taken by their Lordships—simply because just now there is no occasion, or at any rate no call, to argue it—that Bishop Colenso was canonically deposed, and that his see is vacant. Well and good. We take the case as stated by the Archbishop and Bishop; and meet them on their own ground. But if, before proceeding to consecrate another Bishop, it was a year ago held that it was necessary to ascertain whether the new Bishop would be recognised; we ask, Has that been done? If it has, the evidence of the fact can be produced and is available, and would be very valuable at this moment. If no steps have been taken to ascertain such recognition, we have a right to ask why they have not been taken, or at any rate to solicit information as to the process of inquiry and argument which has, during the last twelve months, led the Archbishop and Bishop to consider that course no longer necessary which twelve months ago they declared to be so necessary that on it depended the "unusually important" danger whether there was to be a schism or not?

We are quite aware that the third condition of January, 1867, is expressed in very vague and popular and untechnical terms—namely, "that the election of Mr. Butler," or of any hypothetical Bishop, "will be recognised by the Church at home." But we are not prepared to suppose that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford used that phrase so vaguely that it only meant to convey the notions of all sorts of people writing in newspapers, or debating in clerical societies. "Recognition by the Church at home" must mean such legal and canonical recognition as can be given by law, either of the Church or State, or both. Less than this the phrase cannot mean when used by those grave personages on an occasion so grave. And we are not disposed for a moment to believe that, when the Archbishop and Bishop used this momentous expression, they meant one iota less than a legal opinion on these, among other points—the validity of Bishop Colenso's deposition, the vacancy of the see, the competence of any or some particular bishops to consecrate to it, and especially to consecrate such Bishop here in England, or within the purview of the Act of Uniformity. If they meant less than this, they used very serious words in a loose, if not in a trifling and misleading, way; if they meant as much as this, they have doubtless found some means of satisfying themselves. And further, if they have done this, they owe, we venture to think, a duty to the Church in allowing their reasons to be made public.

Of course it is quite possible that we have been wrong all along, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford have nothing to do with Mr. Macrorie's actual or intended consecration, that they have not been consulted about it, and that what they thought necessary twelve months ago they still think necessary now. In other words, it may turn out that the Bishop of Cape Town and his comproversals are acting on their own authority and view of duty alone, unsupported by the English Bench, or, at any rate, by the Primate of All England. If this is so, which is scarcely possible, we should like so to be assured. And what makes the matter grave is that we are not likely to know till it

is too late. The Bishop of London, as will be admitted even by such as do not accept his, if not Erastian, Erastianizing views, published a very temperate and considerate letter on the subject last Monday. He addresses himself to Bishop Gray, and asks whether Bishop Gray has obtained legal and authoritative advice as to the lawfulness of the proposed consecration; which is only another mode of expressing what we have ventured to define as the *jugendum causa*, "whether the new Bishop will be recognised by the Church at home," i.e. by the law of the Church of England, whatever that law may be or wherever it may reside—whether in statute law or canon law—and that either of the particular or universal Church. But Bishop Gray makes no reply. If, as is possible, he may have a full and complete justification of his proceedings, why is it not produced? If he has none, it would not have hurt him even to plead the extreme exigency of the case—to say that it was a new one; that, by its very nature, as arising in the English Church under very peculiar circumstances, it could admit of no precedent, and that on the whole the course resolved upon was the least of two evils. Whether this would have been prudent or politic is not so important as whether it would have been candid and open. As things are, there is an apparent absence of candour and distinctness which is regrettable, and may be culpable. Even assuming in its entirety Bishop Gray's position, with all that follows from it—which for argument's sake we have done throughout these remarks—what might have been lost is infinitesimal; what may have been jeopardized is incalculable. Nor will the gravity of the Bishop of Cape Town's action, if completed, be lessened even though, in deference to high legal opinion, the project of consecrating in England is abandoned. Wherever consecrated, the new Bishop, if there is to be one, will have to vindicate his position by canonical arguments which are in no way assisted, even if they are not complicated, by importing the Scottish element into the South African Church.

VESUVIUS.

VESUVIUS is a mountain higher than Snowdon, but rather lower than Ben Nevis. It is double-peaked; the eastern summit is at present the lowest, and, as a volcano, inactive; the western or highest eminence is the source of eruptions every few years. These two peaks are separated by a wide valley, the level of which is about half as high as the highest peak; and the eastern eminence, the inactive one, is in reality rather a ridge than a peak, and is in form like the segment of a circle, giving an observer the idea, which is very probably true, that this circle once formed the vast crater of the volcano which, by the great eruption that destroyed Pompeii, broke down the western wall and raised a new summit in its stead. Just the same thing has apparently happened in the volcanic region of Teneriffe, and has certainly happened repeatedly in the volcanic mountains of the moon; and some day it will very possibly happen in the now almost extinct Solfatara, the tiny volcano of which is situated almost in the ring of the ancient crater. However this may be, one may look in vain to discover otherwise, in the present arrangement of the mountain, the great cavity in which the gladiators under Spartacus took refuge, and to which the Roman army was forced to lay a regular siege. What is seen is, on the left as one ascends, a high dark mass; on the right, an easy ascent for about two thousand feet, then a level, or almost level, plateau, and then a sharp steep cone rising two thousand feet more, and terminating usually in a broad crater many hundred yards wide, but at present in another still steeper cone rising out of the extreme vertex of the mountain, and formed entirely of ashes. The mountain is, at the time at which we are writing, covered on the south side by snow; on the north and west it presents such a sight that an Englishman who has heard of it, and who happens to have a few weeks of the winter at his disposal, will not be much surprised if he find himself at ten o'clock some moonlight night starting, with a guide beside him, through the vineyards at the mountain's base.

An eruption of Vesuvius is seen to very much greater advantage by night than by day. But by night it is very difficult to induce the guides to ascend the higher cone; and though the chief phenomena may be thoroughly seen by the side of the lava streams as they descend the side, the sight of these rather stimulates the curiosity than satisfies it; and he is a fortunate explorer who can manage to place himself at the very summit, either during the night itself, or when the evening has sufficiently advanced to allow the glare of the volcano to be seen in all its glory. The two objects may be attained in two separate ascents, but, for convenience of description, we may imagine them as combined in one. We are travelling, then, through the vineyards early on a bright January evening; the moon is clear, but a tremendous wind from the east has set in, and in front, as we mount, the volumes of smoke are rolling away towards the sea. The appearance which the mountain presents is this:—Two gigantic arms of fire seem to rise out of the lava bed in front of us, a mile or two higher up, meet in the air, and disappear under a canopy of red tossing smoke. They are the two principal streams of lava which are making their way down the face of the central cone, right towards us as we ascend; but they meet when they reach the half-way plateau which we mentioned before, and separate again into two branches, the size and length of which varies from day to day. Seen from below, these two great fiery arms light up the night. On one side the full moon is silencing the Bay of Naples, and on the other the

wind is hurrying the clouds over two glowing currents, which light them up and redden them with a lurid fierceness as they pass. We move on, climbing over the stones, and soon bear off to the left across fields of cold lava. Here it lies black and dead, the fruits of old eruptions; mile after mile one may follow it through plains and almost seas of ugly blackness, rolled into rounded masses, tossed up in crumbling peaks, here and there twisted and curled into curious ropelike coils. A little further on, and higher up, and the surface is gently warm. Jets of hot air issue from holes in the mass, with sometimes puffs of steam; the old dead lava is not quite dead, after all. We penetrate further, and now have nearly reached the plateau, when the current forks the second time; and we turn now to the right, and scramble over some more hot lava beds; and at last we climb some stones which partly hid the view, and find that we are standing in front of a river, three miles long, of liquid fire.

The heat is tremendous. To stand near a stream of lava and to look at it are very different things. One cannot even approach it without being fairly scorched. The stream itself is bordered by ridges of stones, parallel to one another, like the moraines of a glacier; happy he who passes them without stumbling. As one mounts the side, the stones fall away red hot from their places; the stick which one pushes into the crevices comes out charred, or even bursts into flame; one falls forward, and rises with one's gloves scorched. Close by the river of lava itself it is impossible to remain, except where it is nearly dying out at the lower extremity. A hasty glance into the torrent is all that, without the courage of a Cranmer, one can fairly allow oneself. Patience, however, will now and then discover some post of vantage, from which at a little distance the fiery flood can be surveyed in safety, and even with moderate comfort. It is a small stream, seldom more and generally less than two or three yards in breadth; at the spot where we are standing, where about two-thirds of its downward course are completed, it is moving at the rate of about a mile an hour. Lower down this will gradually become slower, the scoria on its surface will spread and grow more black, and at last it will cease to flow as a viscous stream, and will roll over itself, so to speak, in a series of miniature cascades, which finally cool down into what one might almost fancy a staircase of lava. From the whole of this, while we are looking, vast clouds of vapour are continually rolling off, vivid beyond description, and from time to time the thunder of the volcano is heard from above, as it hurls up stones and ashes from the apex. Sights and sounds alike are full, not indeed of terror, for there is no danger in the case, but of real grandeur and majesty. And when the eye is tired with the view, on such a night as that which we are describing, it may turn away to the quiet bay, the white villages in their midnight sleep, and thirty miles off the Apennines, with their snowy tops white and clear under the moon. Yet the best sight of all is further on. We leave the lava stream, bear away to the left through the valley which separates the two peaks, thus avoiding the fine ashes which blow annoyingly into the eyes at every step, and securing an easier ascent; and after a two hours' climb, are at the very top. The eruption has filled the crater, and we may walk safely over the place where two months ago the great gulf yawned. And now we see the virgin lava actually issuing forth, still brighter and hotter than below, and flowing doubly as fast in its channel. We are close to the very centre of the volcano itself. A small round hill of ashes, two or three hundred yards in diameter, crowns the mountain. From this there rise enormous volumes of steam, now regularly, now in mighty discharges which shake the ground where we stand; and close beside it spreads another volume as black as smoke. This last is the same steam mixed with ashes; and in its dark background, every few moments, there dart up, with a noise like that of artillery, bright red fountains of stones and ashes, tossed up three hundred feet into the air, and falling back into the bosom of the mountain or on the sides of the conical hill from which they rise. Nothing can surpass the grandeur of this majestic column. From the fierce glow of the lava as it rushes down before us, and the white gushes of steam, the fury of which shakes the mountain and thunders away to Naples, the eye turns with even greater awe to the towering black volume beside them in which the fiery rain of the cinders seems imbedded. At times a sulphurous cloud, almost intolerable for the moment, beats down upon us with a gust of wind, and then, again, another friendly gust carries it away. There is even here, as below, no personal danger, unless indeed a new lava stream should suddenly open under our feet; but the excitement of the scene is such as needs no personal considerations to render it as intense as human nature can wish.

There is, however, room for curiosity as well as admiration. Any one who is accustomed to observation of the glaciers of Switzerland cannot fail to be struck, on watching the course of the lava river, with the remarkable parallel which it presents to them. Part of the analogy turns out, if we are not mistaken, to be real, part only illusive. In the first place there is the viscous nature of the stream. Whether ice be viscous, as Professor Forbes says, or only quasi-viscous, in virtue of its power of regelation, as Professor Tyndall declares, it at all events flows under the same conditions and with nearly the same forms as honey or treacle. Thus far the lava is exactly similar to it, and it is most interesting to watch the experiment of a glacier tried in a much more yielding material. The statistics appeared, on the occasion of which we are speaking, to be, with regard to a stream two yards across, that a spot in the centre gained about two inches, or perhaps three, as compared with a spot

one foot nearer the side. This degree of relative motion prevailed over the whole surface except very close to the sides, where the friction became greater and the cooling went on more rapidly; the portions close to the side lagged desperately behind the rest, and moved, at a rough guess, at about half the rate of the centre. All this applies to the first gush of the lava from the extreme summit of the mountain; lower down, where the mass of sight-seers congregated to watch it, the movement is of course much slower, but the terms of relative progress appeared to alter but little. As far then as the phenomena of the mere river are taken by themselves, the analogy of the lava current and of the glacier is complete; but the conditions under which the lava gradually cools present a store of puzzles to the observer. To begin with, what are the sides of the river-bed? The fluid runs between banks varying from one foot to six or eight in height, or, when low down and nearly cool, it sometimes even overtops the surrounding beds. What is this hollow in which it runs? There is nothing like it in the rest of the mountain side; there are cracks in all directions, but none long and continuous. Here is, however, a help—the height of the bank lessens as the stream descends; that is, as the torrent cools. The inference to which we are driven is, that the lava makes its own river-bed; that as it first pours down enormously hot and even very far hotter than the black masses which surround it, it heats, melts, loosens, and actually tears away the portions of old lava over which it flows, and so slowly deepens its channel; and this view is corroborated by the striking fact that at the highest reach, so to speak, the banks seem to curl over just as the banks of a river when undermined by the scour of a rapid current. Presently, lower down, there comes a kind of equilibrium between the melting power of the hot lava and the cooling power of the cold bed; and at last, when the bottom of the stream is constantly cooling and hardening, the sides and surface become absolutely convex, till the last phenomenon of all is that the lowest portion sticks fast, and the upper parts piece by piece topple over it, forming, when cold, the "staircase" of which we spoke just now.

The form which the lava assumes when cold appears to depend upon the rapidity with which it cools. When it has spread itself over a large even space, and collected in so large a mass that it can cool slowly, the surface is moderately smooth, rounded into hills here and there, much as treacle would be if it could harden quickly as it was poured out. The more quickly any portion cools, the more rapidly its particles contract. Hence a lava bed is as full of crevices as a glacier, though their origin has nothing in common. The crevasses of a glacier come from the unevenness of the bed beneath; those of the lava from the splitting asunder of the parts in cooling. Hence no order is apparent in them; they run in all directions, widen or contract according to no fixed law, and sometimes open out from the lip downwards, sometimes the reverse, in a way which seems perfectly capricious. Snatch a morsel from the hot bed—which may be done with a long stick—and cool it quickly; it will harden into a jagged mass, friable and brittle, and bristling in tiny spikes which break at a touch. Cut a morsel from the middle of a solid mass, when it has spent half a century in cooling, and that under enormous pressure, and it will be as solid as granite, and as hard. Then compare different portions of the same lava plain. In one region it is smooth and massive; in another, close by, it is broken and cracked in all directions. How is this? Simply that, when it is even, it is sheltered from the wind; at the place where the roughness and cleavages appear the wind sweeps over it from the east, and brings the cold of the Apennines. The several morsels lose their heat unequally, and it breaks itself asunder as it cools. There are spots, as we said before, where it lies in rope-like wreaths; one might almost fancy a heap of ships' cables to be lying petrified on the rock. This indicates probably a series of "lava-falls," the "staircases" which correspond exactly as regards their origin to the icefalls of a glacier, which from the nature of their shape cool quickly, the surface exposed to the air being large, and so acquire the appearance of cordage which cannot fail to strike the observer. It is just possible, though hardly likely, that a rope-like formation may take place in the lower parts of the stream, from the sudden variation in heat between the portion close to the sides and that adjoining it; the inequality of tension in this case tending to separate the current of lava into strips, much as the side of a glacier is broken by lateral crevasses from a somewhat similar reason.

But who shall explain the *moraines*? The moraines of a glacier are, as is well known, the stones which fall on to it from the mountains, flow down on the surface, and, as this gets slowly melted off in daily layers by the sun, fall aside to the edge and then collect in ridges many feet high, sometimes covering a bed of ice, sometimes quite off the glacier, on the side. Then, the lateral moraines have at one part of the course of the lava a remarkable parallel. High up, the surface near the torrent is level, or only casually broken; very low down it is the same. But half-way down, the stream is only reached by crossing ridges a few feet high of hot stones, cinders, scoria, or whatever we may choose to call them. As with the glacier moraines, these have very commonly larger stones at the crest than on the sides, a phenomenon easily accounted for. These ridges are very hot, indeed, but for the surface stones, are red hot, and are evidently of recent formation; after a time they are destined to disappear beneath the influence of the wind and rain. How are these formed? Where do the stones come from in the first place—for they certainly cannot be stones projected from the volcano, which could not be carried down in sufficient numbers; and how, in the second place,

are they piled along the stream in ridges? The following solution of the problem is offered with much diffidence. At first the lava, according to our hypothesis, cuts its own bed as it flows. This must be, from the nature of the case, a smooth and level channel; and although the substance of the mass is not homogeneous, nor its tension even at first the same—for it is possible to see it rise in ridges when a fresh fountain joins it from below, nor is its surface at any moment quite level—still there are no violent breaks in its course, or sudden falls. But consider what takes place at the time when it ceases to melt the rock it flows over, and is cooled itself at the bottom instead. It must now follow the inequalities of the ground, and therefore occasionally fall at quickly varying speeds. Where this is the case the surface will be much exposed, and unequally exposed, to the air, and the crust which must at all times have a tendency to form on the top will be broken up into stones. These are the scoræ. A small fall, a miniature cataract, of lava might be noticed at one point a little above the moraine formations about ten days ago; and, as far as it was possible in the intense heat to examine it, it corresponded to what has been said—the surface, as it fell or glided down, did so in the form of scoræ, and the lava at its point looked almost like a heap of stones, even though immediately below it was seen to be still a gliding current. This, then, is the part of the stream where scoræ are developed on the surface; and this is the point, it will be remarked, where the hot lava begins to be cooled underneath, its bed becomes less deep, and it rises to the surface of the mountain side. What wonder, then, if this is the place where the stones, as they are formed, are thrown off to the side, and piled on one another in the ridges in which we find them? This explanation seems a possible one, unless the height of the ridges be too great to allow of their being thus produced. Anyhow, if Professor Tyndall can think of a better, no one will be more grateful to him than ourselves.

SOUPERS AT THE EAST-END.

THERE is a style of reply which we trust is peculiar to Honorary Secretaries, and which consists, first, in affecting an indignant surprise that charges of any sort should be brought against their Societies, and then in coolly bringing forward the very facts impugned as their most indisputable title to public support. A very brilliant instance of this sort of rejoinder has lately been afforded by Mr. Somerset B. Saunderson, the secretary of an association established in the Adelphi for the relief of the present East-end distress, in his reply to the strictures of a correspondent of the *Times*. The correspondent of the *Times*, evidently writing with great local knowledge and stating himself to have been long practically conversant with almsgiving in the poorer districts of that part of London, complained, reasonably enough, of the number of benevolent institutions at present working over the same area and aiming at the same end, and of the utter want of concert and unity between them. He stated, what common sense would suggest and what every one on the spot knows to be true, that this multiplicity of independent agencies was encouraging the worst kinds of pauperism and imposition; and he cited an instance within his own cognizance where, by playing off three different sources of relief against one another, a woman had obtained seven and sixpence in a single day. The letter, in fact, was a very simple and temperate statement of what is a real and pressing difficulty in the way of helping the poor, and one would have expected a very simple and temperate reply. Mr. Saunderson's answer is to drape himself in the mantle of indignant virtue, and to point to his four hundred visitors, his sewing-classes, his ragged-schools, his house-to-house visitation, his bread-tickets and coal-tickets, his packets of tea and parcels of sugar. All this may be very accurate, but it is no answer at all to the simple question over which Mr. Saunderson is so indignant. Will his Society act in union with the other institutions for the relief of East-end distress, or will it not? In Poplar, in Mile End, in Bethnal Green, for instance, large local committees have been formed with the special purpose of concentrating the various agencies of relief and of placing them in close connexion with the Boards of Guardians. So urgent is the need for some such step felt to be, that personal jealousies have for the most part given way, and the clergy and the almoners of the Society for the Relief of Distress have preferred to administer their separate charities through the medium of the general committees. Will the Society in the Adelphi join these organizations? Mr. Saunderson knows well that this Society is the only one charitable institution which, if it has not strictly refused to co-operate with these local Boards, at least maintains its intention to receive and disburse alms independently of everybody else. It is necessary, however, that this avowed intention should be publicly known. The East London Mission and Relief Society nominates local committees of its own, whose names and whose mode of action are alike utterly unknown in the districts in which they work. Practically, it is using the money entrusted to it, not for the general relief of the poor, but for the propagation of the doctrines of obscure sects—of Revivalists, or of Plymouth Brethren. It is the general complaint of the clergy and local almoners of the East of London that the operations of Mr. Saunderson's Society are the greatest hindrance which they find to a wise administration of public charity, and that they are, in fact, promoting little save pauperism, imposition, and hypocrisy.

We do not wish to confine ourselves to general charges. What the "East London Mission and Relief Society" really is doing we can best illustrate by a single instance. The Poor-law district of Mile End, better known as the parish of Stepney, comprises some 84,000 people, great masses of whom are dependent on casual labour and are at this moment in great distress. A large committee of the kind we have described was formed there about a month ago, and comprises the bulk of the clergy, the whole of the Dissenting ministers, the almoners of the Society for the Relief of Distress, the chief employers of labour, and the more prominent of the Guardians. The ground was broken up into sub-committees and sections, and, speaking roughly, we believe about fifty of these gentlemen are engaged personally in the visitation of cases of distress and in the administration of relief. Their one great obstacle has been the Society in the Adelphi, which, though it has sent them a grant of money, has hitherto refused to place its own operations in connexion with them. What those operations are we must be pardoned for stating very plainly indeed. Their district committee, after three weeks of existence, was found to be composed of twelve persons utterly obscure and unknown, and whose number rendered them obviously inadequate to deal with a district which the local committee found it difficult to work with fifty visitors. The distributors knew so little of their districts that in more than one case they had to apply for information about cases of distress to those already labouring among the poor, but whose names were, with a singular unanimity, omitted from the list of the committee. Even when particular families were pointed out to them as specially needing relief, it was found that about one visit was paid in the course of three weeks. The obvious course seemed to be that of merging this ridiculous body in the large local committee; but so far was this from being done that the Mission Relief Society, after a single grant, absolutely disclaimed all connexion with the latter, and devoted all its funds to the support of their own nominees. By degrees the secret of this resistance to all connexion oozed out; the Society required "converted men" for its distributors, and for the conversion of the clergy or the Guardians it had no guarantee. It is not easy to characterize in the English it deserves a piece of such pharisaic impertinence as this; but at any rate the Society had its will. Six of their converted twelve were deacons or members of a petty Dissenting chapel. Not one of the twelve belonged to the Church of England, nor would the local secretary promise that any clergyman or member of that body should be admitted into their ranks. "We are thoroughly unsectarian," he exclaimed with emphasis, and then he explained that by "unsectarian" he meant a committee "composed of the three Dissenting denominations." We need not say that all the projects of the committee partook of the same unsectarian character, that sewing class and soup kitchen were to be held in the meeting house or the mission room, and that not even the decent compliment of the announcement of their existence was made to the clergy of the different parishes. Such an announcement was in fact by no means unnecessary; it was not till some weeks after their commencement that their existence became known to any minister of religion or guardian of the poor, and even then the greatest difficulty was experienced in discovering their names.

The greatest triumph, however, of the principle of "converted agents" has yet to be told. Among the other "unsectarian" characteristics of this Mission Relief Society is its abhorrence of all parochial or ecclesiastical divisions, and so a portion of the area of Mile End has been severed from the rest and handed over to a second committee, which consists in effect of a single ranting revivalist, of the name of William Booth. The breakfasts, the sewing-classes, the religious meetings, to which people are invited to subscribe are held in his chapel, among his "Experience meetings" and his "Fellowship meetings." We have known instances where decent and respectable poor have been dragged to this place and forced for very hunger to listen to the vulgar ravings of this man and his supporters. Of course his "labours" are already crowned with success. He boasts of having "converted" a thousand people; we wonder that he has not converted tens of thousands. A theatre is filled every Sunday morning with the 1,500 mendicants who are allowed a breakfast on condition that they remain "to hear the Gospel." The Gospel is carried to homes unworthy of breakfast privileges by a staff of paid distributors, whose "conversion" is worth to them ten shillings a week. This is the plain English of Mr. Saunderson's unctuous announcement that his Society is endeavouring "to bring before the poor sufferers at every meeting held in sewing-class and ragged-school, and in house-to-house visitation, the Gospel of Christ." The best comment on such a statement is the plain fact that "poor sufferers" may be refused all assistance if they decline to listen to the doggerel parodies of Scripture, the vulgar rant, and the Revivalist rhapsodies of such a person as William Booth.

What the decent poor have to endure from this sort of thing our readers may fancy. England has hitherto been spared such exhibitions, and "soupers" have restricted their efforts to the Sister Isle. An account of a tea-meeting under the auspices of this Society, which we owe to one of the local papers, shows that something of the Hibernian tone has crossed St. George's Channel with these soupers of the East, and blended itself with their English scenes of labour. The tea-meeting opened with a discourse of the usual type. "You know," said the speaker to his thirsting and hungry audience, "that there must be a devil"; and as this elicited no response save a general cry of "Not for Joseph," he

proceeded to demonstrate the necessity for the existence of this personage. The demonstration at last came to an end, but a new obstacle interposed itself between lip and tea-cup. "We must first," remarked the giver of the feast, with a precision worthy of the Rubric itself, "say, or rather sing, the grace"; and, as some hesitation was shown, he encouraged his audience in the usual graceful fashion. "I know you can sing, because I have passed the 'public' sometimes, and have heard singing there. I dare say you sing at the public." The effect of such kindly exhortations is best described by the local reporter, who seems himself to have been moved to indignation:—

The tea-party [he says] consisted of about ninety men, some of the poorest of this poor district. The bulk was composed of shoeblacks, navvies, and costermongers. There was a moderate attendance of decent-looking mechanics, whose intellectually formed heads contrasted painfully with their attenuated and haggard faces, and whose appearance altogether indicated long suffering from want of employment. Among them were observable, when allusion was sweepingly made to the public-house, some who felt indignant at the reproval; one of them rose and put on his hat, as if intending to retire. But he hesitated while a conflict seemed to be going on within him between hunger and self-respect, which latter revolted at the coarse remark so indiscriminately made, and doubtless made him regard the meal as one which would be dearly bought. Independence, however, yielded to necessity, and he resumed his seat.

By means such as these, Mr. Saunderson tells us, his committee "hope, with God's help, to do a much greater work than simply feeding and clothing the body." In spite of the hymn and the Doxology which, we are informed, brought the proceedings to a close, we much doubt whether the assistance thus glibly assumed is likely to be given to scenes such as this. Certainly it is from a very different quarter that we should look for the patronage of the most gigantic effort which has been made in our days to bring religion into contempt, and to enlist against it all the better and manlier feelings of the poor. For it must be remembered that enormous sums—1,000*l.* a week, if Mr. Saunderson's statements are to be received—are being spent in this wonderful work of "proving the necessity of a devil," and diffusing the Gospel according to William Booth.

Of the distribution of temporal relief in the homes of the poor we have little to say, because in the instance which has come under our notice very little indeed has been done. The house-to-house visitation is, of course, a mere fable everywhere. After weeks of existence, the Mile-End Committee had done nothing but distribute a few dozen tickets. The paid distributors of the Revivalist chapel naturally did their work better; in one instance they marched the whole population of a low court up to their meeting-house under a promise of aid, which the neophytes understood to be that of maintenance throughout the winter. This was too high a price, however, even for Mr. Booth, and his converts marched back to their original godlessness. Relief at the chapel, in fact, and not relief at the home, is the essence of the whole thing; there is the sent of the sewing-classes, the scene of the "religious breakfasts," the *dépôt* for soup and old clothes. An association professing to be founded on the broadest principles has lent itself to sectarian dodges of the lowest order, and the universal sympathy which was expressed for a distress so terrible, and of such vast extent, has been used for the support of a Revivalist propaganda. It is useless in Mr. Saunderson, or the Society he represents, to plead "the object to which they are pledged by their appeal"; if that object be, as they say, the bringing religion home to the poor, the one voice of those who are working for that end in the East of London is that religion has never received so deadly a blow. It has always been difficult to keep distinct the almoner and the minister of religion, but it is a distinction which all felt it was essential to preserve. By the mouth of such persons as Booth the poor are now tempted to worship God by the bait of a breakfast and a coal-ticket. But, apart from their principles, we distinctly charge the Society with neutralizing by their jealous isolation the one movement which has promised some check on the flood of pauperism. By their employment of distinct agents, and those often of the obscurest character, by their refusal to join frankly the general local committees of the districts, or to co-operate with the clergy and the existing charitable organizations, they have prevented all systematic action, and opened a wider door than ever to mendicancy and imposture.

It is time that the public should understand the principles and actual practice of a Society whose secretary loves texts better than plain English, and should judge for itself whether it will any longer entrust its aims to the control of the narrowest of religious cliques and to the administration of Ranters, Revivalists, and Plymouth Brethren.

BROTHER STANISLAUS AT THE LONDON TAVERN.

THERE was certainly a prevalent impression, which we must plead guilty to having shared, that for some time past the illustrious founder of the English Order of St. Benedict had subsided into private life, or at least into the ordinary routine of clerical duties. The *ci-devant* Father Ignatius was understood to have made his new appearance as evening preacher at a City church, under the respectable, but unromantic, designation of the Rev. Leicester Lyne, to have exchanged his cowl and sandals for frock-coat and boots, and his tonsure for flowing curls. He had passed through a kind of chrysalis period under the shadow of the

paternal roof—where he appeared to have chiefly devoted himself to the cultivation of a favourite owl, as little amenable to discipline as the monks of Norwich—and when he emerged again into the light of day the metempsychosis was supposed to be complete. Of sensational sermons, rather of the Spurgeon type, there were still occasional rumours, but monks and monastery, "the infant Samuel," and the mysterious "elderly lady" who dogged his footsteps, but "was not his mother," had departed into the limbo of things that were and are not. So it was commonly believed. But the cowl, we know, does not make the monk; so perhaps the want of a cowl does not unmake him. At all events, a week ago, the public—we mean that select portion of it which reads the *Record* and nourishes its moral sensibilities on the invigorating details of the *Confessional Unmasked*—assembled at the London Tavern to listen to still more "extraordinary disclosures," as their chosen organ not inaptly designates the narrative of Mr. James Barrett Hughes, ex-Romanist-and-Ignatian novice, now Protestant lecturer for the million. Mr. Lyne, or Father Ignatius—whichever we are to call him—has said and done very funny things before now, but we confess that both the logic and the statements of his critics are stranger still. Since the American world, and then the British, were startled by the "awful revelations of Maria Monk," which rapidly attained the wonted popularity of Holywell Street literature adapted to pious ears, we doubt if so charming a morsel has been provided for the consumption of Exeter Hall. Such a "crushing exposure" of the folly, the impiety, the tyranny, and what we dare not name besides, incidental to monks and Papists in general, and to the Norwich monks in particular, the public has seldom been privileged to enjoy. The limits of space—to say nothing of other limitations which we lack the courage to transgress—preclude us from doing more than placing before our readers some crumbs from this abundant banquet. Indeed, the only difficulty is where to make a selection from so bewildering an *embarras de richesses*. We cannot wonder at the report informing us that at different points in the proceedings both speaker and audience were so overpowered as to suffer a temporary collapse.

The meeting, it need hardly be observed, "opened with prayer," which was offered up by the Rev. J. Ormiston. Mr. Ormiston, we believe, is the zealous clergyman who distinguished himself last summer by going to confession at St. Alban's for the purpose of detailing what occurred there to a sympathetic assemblage at Exeter Hall, and who got rapped over the knuckles by the Bishop of London for his pains. The Chairman, a Mr. D. G. Owen, discreetly confined himself to some general observations—possibly true, but very far from new—on the monastic system, and to exhibiting certain instruments of torture, "which were styled objects of piety," and were in use, he assured his hearers, in every monastery and nunnery, being inflicted by the victims on their own naked backs. It may suffice to state that one of these singular "objects" was "a cat of seven tails, which symbolized the seven Dolories (?) of the Virgin Mary." The next speech we pass over in silence, as it consists simply of a long story about a visit to Ignatius at "the Old Men's Home" at Laleham, every word of which has since been contradicted, on his authority, by his father, in a letter to the *Morning Advertiser*. The Rev. J. Ormiston then again rose to introduce the hero of the evening, Mr. James Barrett Hughes, *alias* Brother Stanislaus, whose "recantation from the tortuous and crooked paths of Romanism and Ritualism to the doctrines of our Protestant Church" he had himself received, under circumstances which he described at great length, but which the reporter does not. Mr. Ormiston proceeded to denounce Mariolatry, incense, and other Romish corruptions, and having declared his intention of never resting till he had rooted out both Romanism and Ritualism—we fear he will not have a very quiet life—he left the stage free for the chief performer at the entertainment, whose appearance, appropriately vested "in cloak, cowl, crucifix, and other paraphernalia of the Order," was greeted with vociferous applause. After an account of his own antecedents, which the *Record* is unkind enough to call very rambling, he proceeded to elaborate an argument which, like the miller's reason for wearing a white hat, is at least obscure. He denied that Mr. Lyne was an English clergyman at all, and that for two reasons. In the first place, he had officiated as deacon at the celebration of mass in a Greek church—a statement which, as Mr. Reuter would say, requires confirmation; and the Greek Church was not recognised by the Church of England—which certainly did not seem to be the view of the bishops at Lambeth the other day. Secondly, Mr. Lyne, when abroad, had travelled with the Bishop of Dijon, and spent a whole day in the Dominican monastery of St. Sabina at Rome, "St. Dominic himself being the founder of the Inquisition." The gravamen of the charge evidently lies in the concluding words, but we are left in some doubt whether travelling in the same railway carriage with a French bishop, or even spending a whole day in a Dominican monastery, would constitute proof positive of not being an English clergyman, if St. Dominic was not the founder of the Inquisition. Our clerical readers should look to it before next they "take their walks abroad." What makes the question of some practical importance is, that St. Dominic happens not to be the founder of the Inquisition, which was first established eight years after his death at the Council of Toulouse. But we must return to Brother Stanislaus, who went on to give a long account of Father Ignatius's visit to Rome two or three years ago, interspersed with dark allusions to the mysterious paternity of the

"infant Samuel," who, together with Sister Ambrosia, accompanied him there, and they were left together "in a cabaret or something of the kind," while Ignatius was presented to the Pope. Some parts of the narrative are a little puzzling to outsiders. For instance, we are told that, when Ignatius visited the Abbot of the Benedictines, he wanted to kiss his hands, but the Abbot said, "No, you are as good a Roman Catholic as I am, and there is no need for that." We thought "good Roman Catholics" were just the people who were in the habit of kissing the hands of abbots and dignitaries of their Church. Still more perplexing is the statement that the infant Samuel—who must be about four years old, from what we are here told of him—has imbibed heretical notions, and "stoutly contended, against Father Ignatius, that the consecrated host in the Tabernacle was not" what he said it was. So precocious a proclamation of Protestant truth out of the mouth of babes and sucklings quite deserves to be put on record. But the speaker himself appears to have felt that he was treading on dangerous ground, for he immediately added, with a humorous felicity which drew loud cheers from his audience, that he had been a Trappist novice, and was still a novice in the art of speaking; he might perhaps have added, in the art of reasoning also. We cannot venture to follow the ex-novice into his account of St. William's Home for Boys, a monastic establishment for instruction in useful knowledge and indoor games, of which he was formerly superior, and where Father Ignatius himself was frequently one of his pupils in the noble game of bagatelle. For here we come on that awful *hiatus* which is the inevitable *pièce de résistance* of all monastic revelations, where the speaker "has much to say which he must reserve for a public meeting of men only (boys, of course, included), because he cannot say it before women." As, however, the meeting at the London Tavern was announced to be only the first of a series to be held "in a larger place" and on the same subject, we are permitted to indulge the cheerful hope that this exciting *lacuna* will be, ere long, supplied. Meanwhile, it is interesting to learn that, when a brother was careless enough to break a cream-jug or hand-basin or other domestic utensil, he had to stand outside the church doors during the *Magnificat* with the broken vessel on his head! On one occasion two ladies, who had persisted in going to a ball after Father Ignatius's prohibition, had to do penance in white sheets, with lighted candles in their hands. But the oddest thing is the reason why they were forbidden to go to the ball. Not at all on the good old Evangelical ground that the only person in the Bible who danced was the wicked daughter of Herodias, and that dancing is a pomp and vanity of this wicked world. The ball was to be held in St. Andrew's Hall, and "Ignatius forbade them because St. Andrew was a Dominican prior, and he thought it wrong to dance in what he considered a sacred place." We really trust that St. James did not belong to any of the religious orders, or he must be terribly scandalized at the performances of the Christy Minstrels. Scarcely less curious is the corroboration which Brother Stanislaus felt himself in a position to give to the statement of a previous speaker about a doll being presented to be kissed as the infant Saviour, "because he knew the doll well," and it cost 2*l.* This is like the preacher's story of a missionary who was miraculously preserved from the bite of a cobra capella, which he knew to be true because he had seen the snake preserved in a glass case. Father Ignatius may still be as great a "Mariolator and idolator" as ever, for aught we know to the contrary. But this item of the evidence strikes us as hardly conclusive.

The meeting wound up with a resolution of about a page long, which we despair of being able to analyse, and have no room to quote. But it was only meant as an alternative, if any difficulties should arise in carrying out the "practical step" which had been previously suggested, and which was evidently considered to be practicable as well as practical. This modest proposal was that "they"—the members of the meeting, we presume, and their friends—"should get possession of (all) the churches, which belonged to the people of England and not to the clergy," and purge them of all Ritualistic "desecrations." It is gratifying to find that a meeting of three hundred clergy has already been held at Islington to carry out this design, and that "something will certainly be done in the matter," as the Church Association has resolved to devote 50,000*l.* to the work. So at least we are assured by "Mr. Webber, C.C." the same gentleman who gave the narrative of his visit to Laleham, which Mr. Lyne, senior, has publicly declared to be "beyond measure untrue." It is a pity Mr. Webber, C.C. (do the mysterious initials mean that he is a member of Corpus Christi College?) did not explain how the 50,000*l.* is to be employed in getting possession of all the parish churches. Are we to have a new Simeonite organization on a gigantic scale, commencing with the purchase of all the livings held by Ritualists, and then going on to buy up all that may or might henceforth be "desecrated by the promotion of Romish objects"—that is, all the parish churches in the land? If so, we are afraid the liberality of the Church Association must not be stinted to 50,000*l.*, or even 500,000*l.*, if they desire to succeed. Meanwhile, we may congratulate the devotees of Exeter Hall on having found an orator so entirely worthy of them as the converted novice, Mr. James Barrett Hughes; and Father Ignatius on having got rid of a monk, and created an enemy, who seems to be even madder than himself.

REVIEWS.

MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.*

THIS is a rambling, oddly written book, showing a good deal of out-of-the-way research, though rather irregular and unequal, and some, though not a full, appreciation of the new learning of Comparative Philology and Mythology. Mr. Baring-Gould's chief object seems to be to show that a good many of the tales current in the middle ages, including some of the legends of the saints, are, in their origin, neither history nor tradition nor romance, but, in the strictest sense, mythology. The legend of Saint George, for instance, and that of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, are, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, simply bits of old heathen belief which have got clothed with a Christian dress. They are therefore not matters for either historical belief or historical disbelief; they are to be dealt with like any other mythological stories, and to be traced up to their original mythological elements. There can be no doubt that Mr. Baring-Gould is right in thinking that there is a vast deal of such mythological matter afloat in the world, often in quarters where one would hardly expect to find it. But we cannot unhesitatingly pledge ourselves to all his particular instances. He trips now and then in details, and there is something quaint in his general treatment of things. He is most quaint of all when he becomes positive and systematic, and draws out his notions in a tabular form. Some of the ideas about which he seems most fully convinced are startling indeed. For instance, many people have connected Popery with heathenism, and, so far as mediæval legends may be called Popery, Mr. Baring-Gould does so himself. But who would have expected to find heathenism lurking under the guise of the purest Protestantism? It is not merely that Martin Luther was no more completely successful than Saint Anselm in driving Thor and Odin out of the North of Europe. Mr. Baring-Gould's proposition, which he puts forth as a thing hardly admitting of a doubt, is that the popular system of English Protestants, more especially among Dissenters, is, with regard to many of its favourite tenets, a mere revival of old Druidical beliefs. The Druids are nearly as fearful to the ordinary human mind as the Pelasgians or the Cuthites. One is generally inclined, when one sees anything about Druids, to shut up the book and run away. But here is a proposition about Druids which makes one stand aghast with amazement, but which most strongly arrests attention by its strangeness, and by its connecting itself with living human interests in a way that Druidical talk seldom does.

Take for instance Saint George. Mr. Baring-Gould will have nothing to say to Gibbon's notion that the Patron of England is an intruding heretical Bishop of Alexandria. We are obliged to use the vague word "heretical" lest we should fall into some confusion between ideas so remote as those expressed by the two words *Arian* and *Aryan*. For, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, the "legends" of Saint George contain almost unaltered representative myths of the Semitic and Aryan peoples, and myths which may be traced with certainty to their respective roots. We must remember that there are two totally distinct conceptions of Saint George in the East and in the West. Our Saint George, the idol of chivalry, is, we need not say, mainly famous for killing a dragon, in the same fashion as a large brotherhood of Gods, heroes, and ordinary mortals, from Apollo to the Knight of Lamboin. But the Eastern Saint George is a martyr, whose chief characteristic is that he comes to life again after several martyrdoms. Moreover he had passed his former life under the care of a holy widow, and, at the last moment, he converts the wife of his persecutor, either of the Emperor Diocletian or of a lesser tyrant called Dacian, and she shares his martyrdom by her husband's commands. Saint George, so Mr. Baring-Gould tells us, is in all this identical with Osiris, Baal, Adonis, or Thammuz. The holy widow is, one is rather amazed to learn, Astarté or Aphrodité, and the Empress Alexandra, whom he takes with him to the other world, is Persephonê. Saint George is thus a Semitic God Christianized; he is, in short, like Achilles, Odysseus, and most other people, no other than the Sun, who is always dying and always coming to life again. Then the Western Saint George is also the Sun, though the Sun in quite another aspect. Like Apollo, Perseus, Sigurd, Beowulf, and the rest of them, he kills his dragon, and, like several of them, Perseus pre-eminently, he kills him in defence of a woman. No one who has read Mr. Cox's Prefaces will be amazed to be told that, in Mr. Baring-Gould's conception,

The maiden which the dragon attempts to devour is the earth. The monster is the storm-cloud. The hero who fights it is the sun, with his glorious sword, the lightning-flash. By his victory the earth is relieved from her peril. The fable has been varied to suit the atmospheric peculiarities of different climes in which the Aryans found themselves.

Now the case with regard to this story is just the same as it is with regard to the Comparative theory in general. We grant without dispute that all these myths are kindred. There has arisen, from some source or other, a general idea of a hero slaying a dragon, and this idea has floated through the minds of various nations, and has been fitted with different names in different times and places. It is quite possible, though we do not see that it is positively proved, that the notion of the hero slaying the dragon may have originally been a mythical description of the Sun and the storm-cloud. But, granting this, it does not seem to us at all to follow that Saint George, or any other dragon-

* *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.* By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Second Series. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1868.

slaying hero, must needs be the Sun. The storm-cloud would, as the process is described, get so thoroughly changed into a dragon that nobody would remember that the dragon had ever been a storm-cloud. By that time it would be the regular thing for a hero to slay a dragon, and a dragon would be provided for many a hero, real or imaginary, who had at the beginning nothing to do with dragons or with the Sun. It was the right thing for a hero to slay a dragon, just as, at a particular age, it was the right thing for him to go on a Crusade. We all know how Charles the Great was sent on a Crusade, simply because, in the ideas of a crusading time, so great a hero must have gone on a Crusade. But we can come nearer to modern times than Charles the Great. We suppose that no one will tell us that Harold Hardrada was the Sun. But Harold Hardrada, in various Sagas, is not only sent on his Crusade, but also kills his dragon according to rule. Some make it a lion, but others, no doubt more correctly, make it a dragon, and, just like Perseus and Saint George, in each shape of the tale a woman comes in, though in different characters in different versions. Now it is not easy to find in the Byzantine genealogies the proper place of the princess who figures in the story as the niece of the Empress Zoë. But, let things come to the worst, we cannot believe that she was a mythical representation of the earth. Nor can we believe that Harold Hardrada, who fought with very tangible enemies at Stamfordbridge, had spent any great part of his earlier life in so unpractical an occupation as fighting with storm-clouds. The case is plain; so great a hero as Harold must have gone on his Crusade and must have slain his dragon. The Crusade and the dragon were therefore devised for him. His Crusade is probably a romantic embellishment of a real pilgrimage; the dragon is probably pure invention, unless anybody chooses to believe the other, not absolutely incredible, version, which makes the slain beast a lion. Nay, we will go beyond Harold Hardrada. It is worth while to consider the myths which might have arisen, as well as those which actually did arise. What, if Pope Alexander the Third, on the strength of a well-known picture and a well-known legend, had been promoted to a place in the noble army of dragon-slayers? Tales have often grown up on much smaller foundation than this would have had. Here are two excellent dragon stories, one which actually did arise, another which easily might have arisen, and which certainly did not arise, and would not have arisen, out of any notions about the Sun and the storm-clouds. This should make us cautious in dogmatizing about other stories which we cannot test in the same way. Granting, for argument's sake, that the Sun and the storm-clouds supply the original meaning of the myth, granting, for argument's sake, that such is the meaning of Apollo and Python, the fact that Harold Hardrada, whom nobody can affirm to be the Sun, figures as a dragon-slayer along with Perseus or Saint George, should make us shy of saying that either Perseus or Saint George must be the Sun on the mere strength of their dragon-slaying.

Mr. Baring-Gould then winds up his account of Saint George thus:—

In concluding this paper, it remains only to point out the graceful allegory which lies beneath the Western fable. St. George is any Christian who is sealed at his baptism to be "Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end," and armed with the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of the faith, marked with its blood-red cross, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word or power of God.

The hideous monster against whom the Christian soldier is called to fight is that "old serpent, the devil," who withholds or poisons the streams of grace, and who seeks to rend and devour the virgin soul, in whose defence the champion fights.

We maintain that this is unscientific. Not that we in the least object to the allegory. On the contrary, we think that the allegory is more likely to be the origin of the story than any mythical expressions about the Sun and the storm-clouds. But the tale cannot have both origins. It is one of the boasts of Comparative Mythology that it sweeps away all that is immoral and repulsive in the systems with which it deals. The tales which seem to be corrupting were not devised with any intention of corruption. But this argument must be allowed to cut both ways. If myths were not invented for purposes of corruption, neither were they invented for purposes of edification. Mr. Baring-Gould must choose between his storm-clouds and his pious allegory—shall we say, between his ape and his angel? We, with Mr. Disraeli, are inclined to go in for the angel in the form of the pious allegory.

We thought it better thus to examine at some length one of Mr. Baring-Gould's stories, rather than to go more briefly through all of them. But there are a few points which must be mentioned. Mr. Baring-Gould has in one place got on the same ground as one of the subjects started by Mr. Keane's frantic book on the Towers and Temples of Ireland. This is the use of the Cross in heathen times and as a heathen symbol. Of this Mr. Baring-Gould has got together a great number of examples, with illustrations. There is something quite startling in the look of such a figure as that given in p. 78, from a Roman villa in Béarn, where the head of Neptune with the trident, surrounded by fishes and others of his marine subjects, is inscribed within an enormous cross. Mr. Baring-Gould, however, does not strike us as quite philosophical in his way of accounting for all this. He tells the legend of the Cross, from the sowing of the three seeds by Seth to the Exaltation under Heraclius, and goes on:—

Such is the Legend of the Cross, one of the wildest of mediæval fancies. It is founded, though unconsciously, on this truth, that the Cross was a sacred sign long before Christ died upon it.

And how account for this?

For my own part, I see no difficulty in believing that it formed a portion of the primeval religion, traces of which exist over the whole world, among every people; that trust in the Cross was a part of the ancient faith which taught men to believe in a Trinity, in a War in Heaven, a Paradise from which man fell, a Flood, and a Babel; a faith which was deeply impressed with a conviction that a Virgin should conceive and bear a son, that the Dragon's head should be bruised, and that through Shedding of blood should come Remission. The use of the cross, as a symbol of life and regeneration through water, is as widely spread over the world as the belief in the ark of Noah. May be, the shadow of the Cross was cast further back into the night of ages, and fell on a wider range of country, than we are aware of.

To this we make the same answer that we make to a large part of Mr. Gladstone's mythological speculations. As we get our notions of the early Hellenic religion from Homer, we get our notions of the early Hebrew religion from Moses. Mr. Gladstone's error lay in not drawing the proper line which distinguishes rabbinical and apocryphal comments (true or false), and even the expressions of the later prophets, from the original contents of the Pentateuch. Of the Trinity, the War in Heaven, the conception of a Virgin, the Pentateuch contains no trace, and if the other doctrines are there, they are there in a very different form from that which they assume when looked at through the medium of Christian and later Jewish interpretations. And of the Cross there is no trace at all, unless we look at things with the eyes of the Christian Father, who saw crosses everywhere. We want the evidence for this primeval religion, and we want to know how it can be reconciled with the views about Comparative Mythology which Mr. Baring-Gould seems elsewhere to accept.

And lastly, as to Mr. Baring-Gould's startling assertion that "modern popular Protestantism," especially Methodism, is really pagan and mythological. We confess that we were somewhat set against it when Mr. Baring-Gould told us that it sprang from "Druidic" mythology and ceremonial, and that "the religion of our British ancestors has yet to be written." We were inclined to ask what, in the name of Tiw and Woden, we had to do with "British ancestors" and "Druidic mythology and ceremonial." But we were mollified somewhat when we found Mr. Baring-Gould elsewhere restricting his position within a geographical range:—

I am satisfied that we make a mistake in considering the Dissent of England, especially as manifested in greatest intensity in the wilds of Cornwall, Wales, and the eastern moors of Yorkshire, where the Celtic element is strong, as a form of Christianity. It is radically different: its framework and nerve is of ancient British origin, passing itself off as a spiritual Christianity.

The chief tenets which Mr. Baring-Gould tells us are Druidical held by "our Celtic forefathers" are those of "angelic music calling away the soul," "the tenet that the souls of the departed become angels," and "that of the transmigration of the soul to bliss immediately on its departure from the body." This seems to us a very slender foundation on which to bring up a charge of heathenism and Druidism. We think that we have come across the first tenet in some histories of saints, and the last, true or false, is found in the Homilies of the Church of England. But we must confess that there is something very heathenish indeed in the re-appearance of Charon in Yorkshire, with which we will wind up:—

It is a singular fact, that only the other day I heard of a man in Cleveland, being buried two years ago with a candle, a penny, and a bottle of wine in his coffin: the candle to light him along the road, the penny to pay the ferry, and the wine to nourish him, as he went to the New Jerusalem. I was told this, and this explanation was given me, by some rustics who professed to have attended the funeral. This looks to me as though the shipping into the other land were not regarded merely as a figure of speech, but as a reality.

ῥεῦ· ὡς μὴ γὰρ δύναντον πανταχοῦ τῷ ἑὺ ὀβελῷ.

AN OLD STORY, AND OTHER POEMS.*

THIS little volume is a proof that the sort of intellectual cultivation which is often thought to be only within the reach of men who have had the benefits of a male training may be attained occasionally by a woman. The poems it contains are for the most part of no great length, and they vary, as is natural, in merit; but, taken as a whole, they display an amount of literary finish which is not often found in a woman's productions. It is not very easy for a lady to be a poetess, or to write what is to appeal to the sentiments and the feelings without departing from the reserve and self-control which is so essential a part of the character of the best of her sex. To become an authoress on the one side, and at the same time to show that she remains from first to last feminine and delicate in her most emotional pieces, is a proof of something very nearly akin to genius; and though Miss Cross, as we shall see, has something yet to learn in metrical severity, and though she has not yet done anything on a large or extended scale, she has succeeded in producing a collection which, slight as it is, is singularly exempt from the ordinary failings of the day. Almost everything she has written has a tinge of sentiment, some pieces display deep and concentrated feeling, but she has managed to mix fancy and feeling in a manner which prevents her style from being purely sentimental; and nobody who reads these poems will be disposed, on the score of taste, to wish a single line unwritten. As, at the best, a volume of disconnected lyrical pieces cannot hope for the fame that more ambitious poetical

* *An Old Story, and other Poems.* By Elizabeth D. Cross. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

efforts might look for, it is fair to begin by giving this first and unpretending work of a new authoress the praise which it thoroughly deserves.

Miss Cross's poems are in one sense original, for the peculiar shade of thought and feeling that pervades them is evidently her own, but, like the rest of the writers of her age, she continually reproduces here and there echoes of the music of greater artists. It seems to be the lot of all the authors and authoresses of our time that they cannot escape entirely from the charm of what they have read, or write as if nobody had ever written before. Their memory generally retains an unconscious hold on ideas or expressions of which they cannot claim the parentage, and we seldom can study them without being reminded of the powerful impression that poets like Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning have made on the imagination of their cotemporaries. From the ordinary mannerisms of imitation Miss Cross has been preserved by her simplicity of taste and style. She does not reproduce anybody in particular, but, on the other hand, she has often a ring and a touch which recalls to the reader the ring and the touch of authors with whom he is acquainted, and airs of Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and even Mr. Tennyson seem now and then to play about her verse. This is not a serious defect, especially in a first publication, and the absence of anything like affectation or any effort after literary tricks and graces renders a little of it tolerable enough. It requires self-confidence and experience, as well as power, to be always absolutely original, and lyrical verses are more liable than larger and more pretentious effusions to suffer from the mannerisms of their age. Miss Cross's forte lies in the success with which she blends fancy and pathos. She is neither purely pathetic nor purely imaginative, but is a very fair specimen of that compromise between the two extremes which may be represented by the term pathetic imagination. There are many people who seem to think that the highest object of art is the delineation of mere passion. But passion repressed is a still nobler chord to strike, and lyric poetry seldom rises higher than when it suggests rather than gives rein to the emotions with which it deals. Of the art which unites pathos and imagination, Shelley is perhaps the greatest type. Passion in Shelley is a sort of Midsummer Night's dream. His most earnest pieces are "moonlight sonatas" in verse. Standing, of course, at a considerable distance from Shelley, Miss Cross has caught something of his spirituality of tone, and the result is often pleasing and delicate. The little ballad, for example, on the subject of Aurora, with which the volume opens, and in which the morning is described as flying from the fiery pursuit of day, and fading gradually away as he chases her, has a kind of magical effect which is not unlike Shelley, and which is probably a half-unconscious reproduction of the manner of Shelley's "Arethusa." But the best specimen of her disposition to mix fancy and pathos is a poem called the "Falcon," a dreamy and musical allegory, which is certainly one of very great beauty. A bird seems at first sight almost too slight a centre for so much genuine emotion; and the cleverness with which Miss Cross surmounts the obvious difficulty, by making the story half lyric and half parable, is a mark of indisputable literary talent. It is difficult to cite portions of a poem of this kind without doing injustice to the author, but the following fragment from the "Falcon" will serve to show the sort of talent to which we allude:—

Lilias and Christabel
Have each a bird that they love well.
Dove and lovebird that they prize.
I had a falcon with wild eyes.

Jesses nor hood my falcon knew
And where he listed there he flew.
But ever, were it east or west,
His falconry was on my breast.

My father gave high towers three
To Lilias, Christabel, and me.
In the space between the towers
He set for us the fairest flowers.

For them, white rose and eglantine;
The myrtle and red rose were mine.

And in our castle by the sea
Morn and eve were sweet to me.

Till one day Lilias did espy
(Gazing from her lattice high)
A glittering company appear:
The sunlight flashed on crest and spear.

I leaned to look on knights so gay,
And my proud falcon flew away.

In wrath he flew beyond the sea,
Nor ever hath come back to me.

I spake no word, I shed no tear:
Lilias and Christabel were near,

Who straight began to make sweet moan,
And blame me that my bird was flown.

Peace, peace, I pray, dear Christabel,
And Lilias that I love well;

If my wild falcon would away,
Think ye that I would bid him stay?

Sigh not ladies, neither sorrow:
To every night there comes a morrow;

And it may be, o'er land and sea,
My falcon will come back to me.

The second part of the "Falcon" consists of a lament for the truant bird, which we will not spoil by fragmentary quotation; and the return of the falcon forms part the third:—

Lilias and Christabel,
Sweet ladies that I love so well,
Take off, take off the gown of grey,
Spindle and distaff put away;

And let your silver laughter ring
More sweet than any song ye sing.

For o'er strange lands beyond the sea
My falcon has come back to me.

Kiss me ladies, clasp me well
Dear Lilias and Christabel,
For this I know, that joy's excess
Is near akin to bitterness.

Too far beyond the dreary sea
My falcon flew away from me.

And now I only long for rest,
Although my bird is on my breast,
And though his wild eyes bend on me
The light of lights I longed to see.

'Tis not the blessing is too great,
But this—the blessing comes too late.

And the life I fain would borrow,
For my love, is spent on sorrow.

And now remains but the long sleep
When I shall neither watch nor weep,

But wake to find that love is rest
In island vallies of the blest.

This seems to us to be both musical and rare. It is a silver version of Mariana in the *Moated Grange*, and even superior to it in imagination and lightness of touch. It is noticeable that "Lilias" at different stages appears as a dissyllable and as a trisyllable, a laxity to which we should not take much objection if it were not that it is an indication of a want of metrical rigidity which is to be found in some of Miss Cross's best pieces. We have already said that she is simple even when she is most finished. Happily she has not yet fallen a victim to a passion for alliteration, or for any other wordy mania of the day. Her effects are obtained by natural and lawful means, neither by the aid of ingenious rhymes, nor of strong epithets, nor of manipulated sounds. Indeed, her poetry would be improved by a more studied use of rhymes, of which an English ear feels a need, especially in the ordinary English quatrain. But it is one thing to neglect artificial embellishments, and quite another to show too great a disregard of the conventional severities of metre. Authoresses often err in this respect, and Miss Cross is not yet superior to this distinguishing feature of her sex. The training which men receive from their very earliest years has a tendency to preserve them from it. Every classical student is taught as an essential part of his education to attend diligently to metrical rules, however great the temptation to neglect them, and a flaw in either metre or in quantity is held fatal to a man's pretensions as a scholar. All great poets in reality have been and are the servants, if not the slaves, of metre. They know and feel its importance, and they are aware that it is dangerous to follow blindly the caprices of their own ear, in opposition to the common accepted metrical laws which are based on the experience of mankind. No single ear, however musical, is as good as the ear of the universal community of letters; and though consummate poets seem now and then to break through metre for a substantial object, they always do so in obedience to what is in reality a law within a law. Every redundant syllable, every break in the regularity of the rhythm, is with them a carefully-prepared movement. There is generally some compensation for it made elsewhere, or at any rate some grave reason to justify it. We cannot say the same of several of Miss Cross's metrical deviations. The only thing to be said is that there is hardly a feminine poet in English literature who is not open to the same charge. Critics will, however, be inclined to believe that in this laxity is to be seen part of the cause why feminine writers of English verse so continually seem to be unequal in power to themselves. We have quoted, perhaps, some of Miss Cross's best lines. Those we are about to reprint are beautiful and simple too, but they seem to us to justify the observation we have made, and, in order to be complete, ought to be weeded of occasional metrical variations that do not add to, but rather detract from, them as a whole. They are called "Wild Roses," and are prefaced by a French proverb which explains their purpose—"Dans la vie garde toi de rien différer":—

I walked in the joyous morning,
The morning of June and life,
Ere the birds had ceased to warble
Their sweetest of love and strife.

I walked alone in the morning,
And who so glad as I
When I saw the pale wild roses
Hang from the branch on high?

But the day was all before me,
The tumult of youth's delight—
Why bear a burden of roses
Before the calm of the night?

So I kissed the roses and lightly
I breathed of their breath divine.

It is time when I come back, I said,
To make the sweet roses mine.

I returned in the joyless evening;
I yearned with passion then,
For the pale and peerless roses
I never should see again.

For another had taken delight
In colour and perfume rare,
And another hand had gathered
My roses beyond compare.

I may wander east, may wander west,
Wherever the sun doth shine;
I never shall find the wild roses,
The roses I thought were mine.

Of the larger poems, "Nathalie" and the "Old Story" are perhaps the best. If it were not for its defects in respect of the metrical rigidity of which we have spoken, "Nathalie" would not have disgraced Wordsworth; and any one who can write as well as the author of "Nathalie" has a considerable poetical success within reach. We cannot say we think very highly of the "Volunteers," or of one or two similar pieces, which show that when one is dealing with the commonplace it is difficult not to become commonplace oneself. The "Silver Wedding," on the other hand, is worthy of its name, and the "Story of the River" is melodious and touching. The truth is that these poems, short as most of them are, have a clear lyrical ring about them which make us believe that the authoress may hereafter turn out to be one of the small and select circle of women who have won and deserved the bay.

VICTOR JACQUEMONT.*

A YOUNG man, aged twenty-seven, tall and gaunt, with a shock-head of curly chestnut hair, a dreamy look caused partly by extreme shortsightedness, and delicate expressive features, of which an extant portrait suggests some resemblance to young Robert Southey, with an indefinable trace of the expression of Charles Lamb, came to London in the year 1828, with a letter of introduction from Cuvier to Sir Alexander Johnston. He was M. Victor Jacquemont, Travelling Naturalist to the Royal Museum of Natural History in Paris, about to make a scientific tour in India, to study the zoology, botany, and geology of some regions which had been imperfectly explored, and to form collections which were to be transmitted from time to time to Paris. He would remain in India for at least four years, probably for six; and he would require, during his travels in lands under the rule of the East India Company, the goodwill of the English authorities. Therefore he visited London before sailing for Calcutta.

Sir Alexander Johnston, who had been Governor in Ceylon, was delighted with the young Frenchman, and introduced him to the members of the Royal Asiatic Society, who admitted him to their meetings, passed a vote in support of his enterprise, furnished him with letters of introduction to literary societies in India, and elected him a Foreign member. It is this which Jacquemont's nephew and namesake, in a very short biographical sketch prefixed to the new collection of letters, takes to have been election to the Fellowship of our Royal Society. Wherever Victor Jacquemont came in as a guest he seems to have gone out as a friend of the best men with whom he was brought into contact. Lively, sensitive, half-artist, he had been bred as a philosopher, had read much, seen much of the world, and, as he says somewhere in one of these letters, although he had chosen his part in life as a naturalist, the zoology he cared for most was that of man. By the touch of a bore he was frost-bound; and he would be chary even of the necessary explanations of his purpose to an East India Director whose goodwill it was important to secure, but of whose science he had a poor opinion. The Honourable Company was not so prompt as the Asiatic Society in furnishing the French travelling naturalist with letters of recommendation. But East India Directors also yielded to the charm of Jacquemont's bright, outspoken mind. His friend M. Prosper Mérimée tells us that one of them asked Mr. Sutton Sharpe, who was active in Jacquemont's behalf during this visit to London, "Will you give me your word as a gentleman that he is not a spy of the French Government?" "Assuredly," said Mr. Sharpe; "why do you ask?" "Because, in that case, I am going to write him letters of recommendation." "But you have already given him a dozen." "Ah," said the Director, "such letters as one does give sometimes. Now he shall have such as no one ever had before."

Victor Jacquemont had learnt to read and write when eight years old, in the prison to which his father—once tribune of the people, and Minister of Public Instruction—had been sent, without even a form of trial, by the order of Fouché. After eleven months' imprisonment for sharing the opinions of such friends as Benjamin Constant and Jean Baptiste Say, the elder Jacquemont was an exile till Napoleon ceased to rule. Victor's brother, Porphyre, by ten years his senior, was in the army of the Empire, and shared in the miseries of the retreat from Moscow. Victor in one letter compares with his brother's Russian experience the luxurious customs of the English officers in India. His father spent the later years of his life in philosophical studies, and was

in some repute for writings strongly tinged with the opinions of his friend Destutt de Tracy. Destutt de Tracy, Marshal of the army of Lafayette, afterwards a prisoner till 1797, was in the Senate under Napoleon, and was one of the minority called by him the faction of the ideologues. In 1804 he wrote his *Elements of Ideology*; he wrote also on Public Instruction, on the Will, on Morality, and on the Origin of Worships. The discussion of such topics formed a part of the home influence exercised on young Jacquemont, and the friendship between his father and Destutt de Tracy was continued in another generation between Victor Jacquemont and Victor de Tracy, who, together with his wife, stands in this batch of letters, as in the preceding one, foremost among the friends to whom they are addressed.

The first series of Jacquemont's letters was published between thirty and forty years ago, not very long after his death. It began at the date of his quitting Brest for India, in August, 1828; and gave letters addressed by him to his family and several of his friends, during his travels in India, from 1828 until his premature death at Bombay in 1832. While accumulating, with unwearied energy, his observations and illustrative collections of the geology and botany of regions which before his time had been imperfectly studied, Jacquemont had a keen eye for the essentials, as well as for the humours and the outside colouring, of the new forms of life he saw; and from day to day he set down social, political, and scientific notes, from which he hoped, when he returned to France, to produce a work worth all the labour it had cost. At the same time he maintained active communication with his family and friends, and sent them letters containing characteristic accounts of himself and his movements. They are methodical and clear, as the writing of a man of science should be; and at the same time bright with evidences of quick feeling, sense of humour, and artistic insight. There is not a trace of effort to say something clever, and yet there is not a page in one of his letters which a dull man could by any chance have written. To tell the story of his Indian travel by a volume of such letters was the readiest and pleasantest way of putting it on record. The first two volumes of his correspondence appeared, therefore, as soon as the material could be brought together, were received with interest, and immediately translated into English. The book passed in France through several editions. In 1841 the journal kept by Jacquemont in India, including his scientific observations, was published by the French Government in three large quarto volumes. A fourth volume was added to these in 1844, containing descriptions of the collections sent by him to the Museums of the Jardin des Plantes, the describers being MM. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Milne-Edwards, and others. At the same time appeared, in two other large quartos, an atlas, geological plans and sections, sketches of heads of the people from drawings made by Jacquemont himself in different parts of India, and illustrating not only general ethnology but local types of beauty and ugliness, with physiognomical studies of the thief, the turbulent man, the murderer, &c.; also route sketches, views of mountain scenery, figures of idols, plans of buildings, and plates of figures of the animals and plants he had collected. This costly record of Jacquemont's Indian explorations was planned and completed under the auspices of his friend, M. Guizot. The journals were written easily and pleasantly, without any erasure, upon paper of all the regions through which the traveller passed, and they were published without alteration or correction of a word. Now, after the lapse of another quarter of a century, appears, in the book before us, a gathering of letters not included in the previous collection. They are numerous enough to tell the old story once more, with the old charm in the personal narration, and with yet more fulness of biographical detail.

The short introductions to these new volumes, by M. Prosper Mérimée and by their editor, the writer's nephew, enable the reader to note the significance of many passages in the letters which might otherwise have drawn to themselves no special attention. We are told that Jacquemont was born at Paris in the year 1801, the youngest of three brothers. His brother Porphyre was as another father to him. His brother Frédéric—whom we find, in the letters, representing an embarrassed mercantile house at Hayti—was but two years older than Victor, and much younger in judgment. We must look to the letters and elsewhere for suggestions of the political troubles that disturbed the family life of the Jacquemonts during Victor's school and college days. There is a Second Empire in France, and the editor restricts himself to the statement that his father gave him a solid education, and that when his literary studies came to an end he devoted himself to the sciences, and was admitted to the laboratory of Baron Thénard. He was, we believe, studying medicine. He studied politics too, as member of one of the numerous societies which then discussed abstract republicanism. In Baron Thénard's laboratory one day, disturbed by an idler during an experiment, he broke a jar of cyanogen which he was carrying in his hand. The inhalation of the gas affected his throat so seriously that he was obliged to withdraw from his studies. Thus he became, what he calls himself in one of his letters, a *médecin manqué*. He went to a country-house belonging to his father's friend, General de la Fayette, and there amused himself during his convalescence with the study of botany, zoology, and agriculture. He made tours also in the north of France, Auvergne, and the Alps of Dauphiné and Switzerland. At the age of twenty-five, a disappointment in love produced so painful an effect upon his mind that his brother Porphyre urged upon him a yet greater change of scene and occupation. It appears from the letters that Porphyre not only pro-

* Correspondance inédite de Victor Jacquemont avec sa Famille et ses Amis, 1824-1832. Précédée d'une Notice Biographique par V. Jacquemont Neveu, et d'une Introduction par Prosper Mérimée, de l'Académie Française. 4 vols. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1867.

vided Victor with the means for a tour in America and a visit to their brother Frederic at Hayti, but was proposing to give him a turn in the Pyrenees when he came back. These opportunities of travel were to be used also in preparation for the career of a naturalist, which Jacquemont had now chosen for himself. Cuvier was a friend of the family, and, if thoroughly competent, Victor might turn his new studies to account in the way that best suited all aspects of his life, by obtaining the post of Travelling Naturalist for the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes. In the United States, therefore, and in Hayti, he was laboriously and zealously qualifying himself for such an office. In Hayti he received the desired appointment, India being his prescribed field of research. He returned to France, prepared himself with energy for his new work, and went to London to get letters of recommendation and countenance from the Anglo-Indian officials.

The collection of correspondence now published begins four years earlier than its predecessor. It shows Jacquemont, in the summer of 1824, discussing music with keen relish of its more spiritual forms, and with a sort of philosophical discrimination; alive to what was truest in the genius of Madame Pasta; warmly interested also in a new contralto singer, with whom he played chess, and talked enthusiastically of Schiller's Marquis Posa. We are shown also how he discussed the new pictures; and generally, in these first letters of the series there is a very good suggestion of the artistic side of his character. Then, while the nature of his cross in love is only indicated by vague references to it, we have now a full record of the voyage to America, and the impressions of American citizenship which Jacquemont sent home to his brother republicans. It is but an instance of his habitual procedure that on his way out he made a permanent friend of the captain of the American ship in which he sailed; worked hard, by book and exercises in conversation, at the study of English; was the one man who played the parts of doctor, nurse, and friend to a coloured seaman who broke his arm; made a point of visiting every part of the ship, below and aloft, mounting even to the topmast, and drawing a deck plan and section of the vessel, with note of the name of every part, to fix whatever could be learnt about it on his memory.

Of the society of the United States in 1826-7 Jacquemont gives an unfavourable sketch. The great men of the Revolution were, he says, trained in the old European school. They were dead, and had left no worthy successors. In Hayti, a Republic ruled by a Dictator, Jacquemont found his brother Frederic, impetuous and imperious, newly out of trouble produced by a duel, busy with the cares of the involved estate he represented, lord of the person of a native lady who had a large independent business; a contentious gentleman, to whom his studious and quiet brother Victor seemed to be wanting in pluck, though, finding it impossible to quarrel with him, he could love him heartily. Victor Jacquemont was hospitably put into occupation of a country-house, which he had all to himself, and where he studied rocks and plants and multiplied dried specimens from morning until night. Returning to New York, he travelled south and north, and still declared that the great body of the population learnt nothing more than was needful to enable each to earn his money, and that the Americans had neither the humour nor the social graces whereby some contrive to hide their ignorance. Trained in the school of the French Encyclopedists, he saw only the worse side of their Puritanism. Comparing their Sundays with their weekdays, he spoke of the Bible as "the scourge of America," and said that, if the people really believed what they professed to believe, they could not live as they do.

Jacquemont's scepticism was a product of his time, part of a general reaction against blind subjection to authority, and, like Shelley, he judged precept by practice that fell short of his own natural sense of right. His philosophy taught him to conquer his passions, to cultivate his powers, and to live so that his life should be serviceable to the community. On the voyage out to America, when he was playing the part of Good Samaritan to the man who had been disabled by a broken limb, he observed that nobody else took any interest in his patient, or even troubled himself to ask a formal question about him. In India, as everywhere else, Jacquemont lived for his duty. He worked at Hindostanee and Persian as he had worked at English; he even read as he rode on his Indian marches, when the way was dull, was active at every halting-place in the collection and preparation of his specimens, and in making scientific observations of the country. In Cashmere, where the man who before his time had the best opportunities of observation spoilt them by devotion to the pleasures of the land, Jacquemont still lived as a philosopher, and indeed got from Runjeet Singh the title of Aflatoun ul Zeman, the Plato of the Age, and sometimes Aristotelis or Boerates—i.e. Socrates. The same potentate showed his more substantial appreciation of the worth of the young French traveller by offering him the post of Viceroy of Cashmere, worth, to the native dignitary who had last held it, five hundred rupees a day in salary, and about fourteen lacs of rupees a year in perquisites. Jacquemont refused the honour, laughing, as he replied, that such things were below the notice of an Aflatoun. Upon which he says, "Runjeet almost apologized to me for the unsuitableness of his proposal."

The illustration of Jacquemont's personal character by his letters from India is strengthened, in the volumes now published, by the introduction of some new features of considerable interest. With a Spaniard at Calcutta, Joseph Hézeta, who shared his political feelings and seems also to have had a cross in love,

Jacquemont established a warm friendship, and the letters to this gentleman, which only now appear, abound in bright touches of character. M. de Meslay, a captain in the French navy, who, when afloat, suffered continually from sea-sickness, went out with Jacquemont in the *Zélée*, to take the post of Governor at Pondicherry. In letters written afterwards to him, and in the letters of Jacquemont to the managing body of the Jardin des Plantes, which also now appear for the first time, we have a lively representation of the difficulties caused by his inadequate travelling allowance, and of the self-denial with which he restricted himself to the bare necessities that he might accumulate a small fund for scientific purposes. In fact, no sacrifice that Jacquemont could have made would have sufficed if he had not won to himself so many friends in India. Upon his arrival at Calcutta he charmed both the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, and his wife, so that he became rather a familiar friend than a guest in Government House, cultivating English, and talking of music and poetry with Lady Bentinck in the morning, and spending his evenings in grave talk with Lord William by the hour together in a corner of the drawing-room. He left Calcutta, in November, 1829, for Delhi, by way of Benares, Bundelcund, and Agra. Then, taking Delhi for headquarters, he went north to the Himalayas, and spent three months in exploration of their Indian slopes, forming collections of their plants, and making a fresh study of their geology, from the sources of the Ganges to the banks of the Sutlej. This journey brought him to Simlah, whence the desire of knowledge tempted him to cross into Tibet. In Tibet also he travelled for three months, pushing eastward beyond the first Chinese posts. When he had gone to the north as far as Ladak, the chills of autumn warned him to return to Delhi, which he reached in December, 1830. In winter quarters there, he heard of the Revolution of July, and his old political aspirations for his country were again stirred. At a dinner in celebration of that event he made an enthusiastic speech in English, ending with a toast, "To concord between France and England." In the former volumes of his correspondence the whole speech is to be found, repeated in English, in a letter to his father. A French officer, General Allard, who had trained the army of Runjeet Singh, had now procured for Jacquemont an invitation to Lahore. In March, 1831, he began his exploration of the Punjab. On the 8th of May he entered Cashmere, where he studied during five months the natural history of a country which had been inaccessible to European travellers since the time of Bernier, in 1663. In September he revisited Lahore, and it was there that the chief who, from the command of a gang of robbers, had raised himself to absolute rule over twenty millions of men, offered Jacquemont the Viceroyalty of Cashmere. Runjeet Singh's dominions were to the French traveller a fairland of gifts in money, food, horses, and all that he could be supposed to want. From the Punjab he returned to Delhi, where he enjoyed European hospitality until he proceeded across Rajpootana to Bombay. On the 5th of June he was at Poonah, where he had an attack of cholera, and lay for five days between life and death. He went on before he was recovered, contracted a fresh illness in the pestilential forests of Salsette, reached Bombay on the 9th of October much exhausted, took to his bed, and died there after an illness of thirty days. His intention had been, from Bombay, to descend the chain of the Ghauts of Malabar to Cape Comorin, then come up by the coast of Coromandel to embark for France at Madras or Pondicherry. Instead of the great book he meant to write when he came back to France, we have letters and journals which represent so naturally the charm of a most winning character in all its aspects, that they add the interest of biography to the bright record of travel.

UNDER TWO FLAGS.*

WE must congratulate Ouida on having made a decided advance, in this novel, upon her previous performances. To people who prefer flashy scene-painting to genuine portraiture, *Under Two Flags* may be safely recommended. The first volume, indeed, is that kind of stuff of which we have long become sick. Muscular Christians of Mr. Kingsley's favourite type have long been a drug in the market, but they are a degree above the muscular Guardsmen after the fashion set in *Guy Livingstone*; and when this class comes to be described by a lady the result is at once offensive and incredible. We have often thought that the time has come for superseding visions of fair women by a vision of strong men. The scene should be laid in such a place as that where the piper in *Redguntlet* finds Claverhouse and his companions drinking liquid fire and rehearsing the iniquities of their early life. There would be the great Guy Livingstone, his enormous muscles almost showing through his Guardsman's cuirass, and the "cool captain," and half a dozen similar heroes. There would be the giant Amyas Leigh, looking scornfully upon his ribald companions. There too would be Dantes, who in *Monte Christo* doubles a steel bar to the shape of a horse-shoe, and then straightens it, without saying a word; and Porthos, from the *Trois Mousquetaires*; and perhaps M. Madeleine, after his wanderings in Paris sewers and his marvellous feats of ascending walls by the muscles of his back. Amongst them would certainly be some of Ouida's heroes, and especially two gentlemen from the present book. The amusements would be such as those practised among the Northern legends in the Walhalla. There

* *Under Two Flags*. By Ouida. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, 1867.

would be a tremendous fight, in which one man would sling out his fist with terrific force from his hip, and another bring it down on his enemy's head with a dull crashing sound, not good to hear, whilst a third would deliver a blow which on earth would have reduced his antagonist to a shapeless mass of gory flesh. But in such a region the blows would fall on empty air, and the antagonists pick themselves up again to continue an everlasting debate as to the relative merits of horses of fabulous speed, and women of unparalleled beauty and wickedness. We should, therefore, never be able to solve the inscrutable problem as to which of all these strong men was really the strongest.

We may observe, however, that we should be sorry to back Ouida's heroes in a contest, if one could be brought about. We cannot really believe in their powers, for the endowments are bestowed upon them with a most feminine disregard to means. When we are told that Guy Livingstone is a man of tremendous bone and muscle, we can believe in his thrashing a prizefighter; we can even believe in the heroes of old romance who slew thousands, or cleft mountains with a blow of their swords, because, by hypothesis, they have supernatural assistance. But Ouida despises all such limits to her fancy. She takes a man of delicate frame—a light weight amongst amateur jockeys—and confronts him with a huge burly bully. The light gentleman takes the big bully by the collar with one hand, lifts him off the ground as "if he had been a terrier," carries him through a crowd, and throws him into a ditch, "as we may throw a lapdog to take his bath." Mr. Cecil—such is the hero's name—runs so fast that, if he had accidentally come into collision with a cart during his headlong career, it would have been instant death to him. He is cut to pieces by Arab swords and squeezed to a jelly under piles of dead men, and a day or two after is perfectly well again. He can pass his nights in debauchery—as, in fact, he is in the constant habit of doing—for a whole season, and show no more traces of his dangerous amusements "than the brightest beauty" in London. In Ouida's beautiful language, he and a friend could "hold wassail in riotous revelry till the sun rose, and then throw themselves into saddle as fresh as if they had been sound asleep all night," and enjoy a long day's hunting. She might just as well say at once that Mr. Cecil was seven feet high, weighed eight stone, could run a mile in a minute, jump twenty feet in height, and knock down Tom Sayers with a single blow. The precision of the measurements would bring out more distinctly the startling nature of his capacities. In other respects we must confess that Mr. Cecil resembles only too closely a large number of his contemporaries in real life. He never thinks, and indeed, "for any exertion he gave his brain, might have been as brainless as a mollusc." He is systematically indolent and indifferent in all pursuits but two. He can ride, and can make love. His love affairs are indeed voluminous; besides his relations with a lady called Zu-zu, he carries on various intrigues with other men's wives; they are, it is true, pretty harmless, because ladies of high rank, as Ouida tells us, are generally restrained from elopement by their attachment to their diamonds. Even in his conversations with these sentimental beings, he usually confines himself to talk about horses, though he sometimes diverges into a few quotations from French novels. He spends money with utter recklessness, though he considers it a point of honour not to borrow from a friend. His whole moral code is summed up in the two laws of paying his bets and never being astonished at anything. When his father passionately exclaims, "I hate you!" he simply observes, "Hate is so very exhausting; I regret I give you the trouble of it. May I ask why you favour me with it?"

Every one has met in real life the persons of whom this is a caricature. Not that it is easy to caricature the mental vacuity and general dreariness of many horse young gentlemen. Mr. Cecil is made attractive by appeals to the most snobbish instincts of mankind, even to dwelling upon his lovely velvet and sealskin coats. He is always drinking curaçao, or still champagne, and surrounded by clouds of Turkish. He talks that delicious Turf slang which has inexpressible charms for fast and silly schoolboys; and he is, of course, of the purest possible blood. He is accused at one time of forgery, though we should have thought that his writing powers were scarcely up to signing more than his own name, and he resents it by offering to pledge his word that he is innocent. The brutal attorney who rejects this plea is properly treated by Mr. Cecil's aristocratic friend, who "tosses him upwards to the painted ceiling, and hurls him down again upon the velvet carpet," and only declines to "hurl him into the street" out of a first-floor window, from fear of the legal consequences. Mr. Cecil nearly kills the policemen who arrest him; he afterwards nobly scorns the idea that a man of his unblemished race could have committed such a crime, in spite of which admirable theory we regret to say that Mr. Cecil's own brother had really been the forger, showing that even "blue blood" cannot raise a man above commercial crimes.

Now we know very well what would be the general fate of a man who had come to grief after being such an unmitigated scamp in high life; he would probably have become a billiard-marker, or sunk into the profession patronized by Mr. Deuceace. It is possible, too, that he might have enlisted in a French regiment in Algiers, where he would most likely have been a disgrace to the service. This last is Mr. Cecil's choice, but instead of developing into a finished scoundrel, to our astonishment he is compared to Xavier and Augustine. Moreover, we must add that the novel at this point sensibly improves. It is possible that men whose

good qualities have been stifled by bad society may come out better than we could have expected under difficulties. Cecil has no sort of religion beyond a sense of honour; but, putting aside the childish exaggeration of the story, we may accept it as possible that this sentiment might produce in an inferior degree the results imagined by Ouida. The reckless debauchee might become a good soldier, and might even exercise a healthy influence upon his rougher comrades, more from a certain refinement than from any high principles. He might revolt against brutal oppression and against the grosser forms of vice. In short, the conception is a good one, and might have made a really impressive story if Ouida could ever be content without the glaring colours and the most harrowing catastrophes. If she did not make her hero first a very stupid devil and then a very intelligent angel, we might admire the development of his character. And though the tall talk is ludicrously stilted and the contrasts unnaturally violent, there still remains a satisfactory groundwork for a thrilling sensation story. Ouida shows enough talent to make us regret that she has not the virtue of moderation either in language or design; she pours out a flood of words as voluminous as Mr. Ruskin's, and piles superlatives upon her actors till they cease to be human beings.

The two volumes devoted to the Algerian part of the story have, however, some considerable merits. Ouida has evidently been well crammed, and has, we presume, made some recent personal observations. She gives us elaborate specimens of the slang of French soldiers, and enters into the spirit of their life with great vigour; indeed we learn, from a note, that certain "field-officers and commanders of divisions" take so much interest in her work that they have remonstrated with her upon certain views expressed by one of her characters, which they erroneously supposed her to adopt as her own. From this ingenious specimen of the puff oblique, we gather at least that she has had some critics competent to correct her in details; and the pictures of Algerian manners bear intrinsic evidence of being founded on studies from the life. Of course the fighting is preposterous; never were there such heroes on both sides since the days of the Round-table; and there is a vast amount of misplaced eloquence and startling adventure bordering on the grotesque. The most striking figure is a certain *vieillard*, who is to the *vieillards* of real life pretty much what Mr. Cecil is to the genuine British swell. She is an accomplished soldier; can take her own part with sword or revolver; is on equal terms with every one, from the Commander-in-Chief to the privates; is utterly reckless, improper, and devoted; talks about *La France* and glory in a way which out-Napoleon's Napoleon; is better in a hospital than a Sister of Mercy; is capable of commanding a brigade, and leading it into action in time to secure a victory to the French; and, which seems rather more surprising, when a rash Jesuit on one occasion "sought to argue with the little Bohemian of the tricolour, he had his logic rent in twain and his rhetoric scattered like dust under the merciless home-thrusts and the sarcastic artillery of Cigarette's replies and inquiries." In explanation of this last performance we must remark that Ouida is a great admirer of Voltaire, and likes to give him a totally irrelevant puff, even at the expense of making her characters more improbable than beforehand. Cigarette—such is the lady's name—is executed in fully as extravagant a style as Ouida's other reckless sketches; we regret it the more, because there is in her the making of a good character. Ouida dashes on her blacks and whites by painfuls, till it is hard to say whether she has real talent half concealed by exaggeration, or simply a trick of violent exaggeration which occasionally apes the vigorous effects of real talent. We incline to the former hypothesis from the eye for external objects which she not unfrequently shows. If she could restrain her impetuosity, and purify her writing from the taint of snobbishness and vulgarity produced by an imitation of the *Guy Livingstone* school, she might give us a really lively and amusing story without shocking our taste. But we devoutly hope that we have seen the last of the curaçao-drinking, velvet-clad, idiotic young noblemen, with muscles developed in direct proportion to their vices, and in inverse proportion to their brains.

SCENERY AND SOCIETY IN MAURITIUS.*

MAURITIUS is a place that deserves to be well remembered and well described. The reports which visitors and residents give of it induce the belief that there are few more beautiful islands in the world. The views which we have seen of the entrance to the harbour of Port Louis remain impressed on our memories with the harmonious confusion of quaint mountain-peaks rising in the background from shores fringed with spreading palms and cocoa-nuts. Nothing can be more strangely picturesque than the configuration of the mountains, and a sail round the island must present them to the eye in multifarious variety. Nor is the landscape the only striking view which Mauritius offers. Composed as its population is of almost every Eastern and African element, with two or three European elements, the traveller is perpetually meeting new types of physiognomy and new styles of costume. Add to these specimens of novelty a tropical sky, cloudless by day and night for four months of the year, and in the hot season vexed by tempests such as we rarely witness in these colder climes; houses built in a fashion utterly unknown to the inhabitants of Western Europe; fruits and flowers of a

* *For Avey; Sketches of Scenery and Society in Mauritius.* By C. J. Boyle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

form, flavour, and beauty undreamed of by the mass of untravelled Europeans; and it is clear that this island has pretensions to be described by one who combines the qualities of an artist and a poet. That Mr. Boyle is neither one nor the other detracts much from the effect of his work. Still, though his book has no particular animation, and is deformed by that most detestable of faults, an affectation of facetiousness in season and out of season, his faculty of observation has enabled him to see many things which are worth knowing. If, with this faculty, he had combined those of vivid imagination and poetical description, his record would have been more likely to live than it now is.

The following is his description of the Port Louis population:—

You can have no idea how striking and varied a feature of life in Port Louis is its population. You have natives from every part of the vast continent of India, all differing not less in feature than in form. Weedy and athletic men, imperial looking, by far the rarest of the two; and miserable, insignificant women. They are of all hues and shades. In the course of half an hour's walk, you stumble on Parsees, Arabs, Cingalese, Chinamen, Lascars, Malays, Mosambiques, and Malgaches (natives of Madagascar). Add to these the negro, the mulatto, the French Creole, the English Creole; nor do I throw in all the other Europeans. Picture to yourself the confusion of tongues and diversity of costume of all this small Babel. Nothing can be more diverting to the eye, at least to mine, than a drive or a stroll through the most frequented thoroughfares of Port Louis.

This motley group testifies to one of the greatest economical experiments ever made. Mauritius had a large slave population both before and after its cession to England. When emancipation came, its negro population, like that of other tropical colonies, ceased to work, or worked but poorly in the cane-fields. Mauritius was then wholly unprepared in the central parts, and its forests afforded ample ground for the emancipated population to squat in. It seemed quite probable that the cultivation of the island would dwindle away, and that the wealth which its connexion with England had introduced into it would disappear. Fortunately Mauritius possessed one grand resource which was denied to the West Indian colonies. It was near India; and the labouring population of India was known to be poorly paid and fed. It was suggested that labourers should be brought down to replace the negroes on the estates. The first experiment was mismanaged and failed. Not only did it fail, but it roused the suspicions of the London philanthropists, who thought they saw in it an attempt to re-introduce slavery under another name. The local Government sympathized with this fear, and directed its influence rather towards preventing than facilitating the immigration. Ultimately, the accession of Lord Grey to the Colonial Office disarmed the Exeter Hall party, if not of its jealousy, at any rate of its hostility, and the Indian immigration was placed on a footing which, while it supplied solvent planters with an adequate amount of labour, satisfied the scruples of all reasonably humane men. If Lord Grey had never done anything else during his tenure of the seals of the Colonial Office, he would have done enough to earn the gratitude of the colonists by his successful efforts to reconcile the claims of humanity with the interests of the planters. Perhaps no system was ever better worth being studied by philosophical economists than the code of instructions under which the transport, employment, and protection of Coolie immigrants into Mauritius were secured. The results are a production of sugar more than doubled since the time of emancipation, annual exports to the value of one million and a quarter, and an Indian population in the proportion of about two to one to all the other inhabitants. With such a large alien element Mauritius presents many features purely Indian to the English observer. Mr. Boyle thus describes the appearance of the Indians in the Bazaar of Port Louis:—

All over these stone floors, before their respective heaps of vegetables and fruits and flowers, of which some are tumbling over out of the brimful baskets, some piled up on the ground, you see squatted little parties of Indian women. Numberless plump, small, stark naked urchins of both sexes are running and frisking about, or sprawling and playing at their mothers' sides. They look like so many pieces of dark polished marble, or still more like the little chocolate figures in the bonbons shops on the Paris Boulevards. These market women are, with few exceptions, very handsomely dressed, and evidently the Bazaar is held to be worth the pains of a little daily coquetry. Fresh buds and leaves are often twisted into their black silken shining hair, along with a profusion of gold or silver ornaments. The ear and nose are loaded with rings. In the nose one rarely sees more than one, but often large enough to fall below the lips, and so far convenient, as it is possible to eat through it. In a single ear I have counted as many as five rings, of different shapes, while in the other you may see but one. Indians do not consider such a want of conformity in bad taste, and I rather agree with them. These ear-rings are generally set with roughly cut emeralds or rubies, or pearls, but they are seldom of any size. Look at that woman, . . . her round plump shoulders are quite bare. A bright apple-green muslin drapery with a crimson or lilac border is drawn across her full and scarcely concealed bosom. With this she wears a tight-fitting silk jacket of some dark rich colour. A mass of deep orange folds of a thicker material twines about her legs, which, however, are left sufficiently uncovered to display the anklets and numberless toe rings. The cross divisions of her hair between the roots are bedaubed with a blood-coloured sort of paste. A round spot of the same about as big as an official wafer is on her forehead, and the inside of her mouth is nearly as red with the juice of the betel nut she is chewing. Sometimes the paint descends in a straight line to the very tip of the nose. . . . Her arms are tattooed and loaded with broad circles of gold or silver crowded together between the shoulder and elbow, and again from the wrists upwards nearly to meet the others. These women often look as if they were half in armour. As a variety, knobs of one or the other metal dangle from thongs of leather; and the throat is encircled by a plain collar, not unlike an English dog's, but of the above-named more costly material; or there is a row of large golden or silver coins, sovereigns, or rupees, or some piece of money or other, with a small wire or crimson thread run through them. Now and then one sees a face as remarkable for beauty and regularity of feature as the costume is for its richness, but as a rule you do not meet with many handsome Indian women.

No place in the world, we should think, not even excepting Malta, can present such a varied contrast of colours, faces, costumes, and languages as this small colony.

That the Indian immigration was absolutely necessary is clear from the character of the emancipated negroes. Our author is evidently afraid of provoking the wrath of the Anti-Slavery Society, but he cannot help speaking his mind about the shortcomings of the negro, who is in Mauritius very much what he is in Barbadoes and Jamaica, only less stalwart in frame, and less insolent in demeanour. Like his more Western compatriot, he is fond of dress, show, holidays, and idleness. Though he can work, he won't. Despite their love of finery, "the genuine black natives of the island are almost universally filthy in their habits, and in their persons too; and slovenly to the last degree, if not disgustingly dirty, in their dress; generally both." It is recorded that during the memorable and fatal cholera of 1854 there were negro huts in which *bottes vernies* and shirts with cambric frills and dandy gloves were to be found, but not a blanket or a single pot, pan, or basin in which broth could be cooked or served. The natural consequence was that the negro population perished in excess beyond all others. That such a population should eschew domestic service except for its own occasional convenience, and then, when it found it convenient, should perform its duties carelessly and faithlessly, was only too likely. Unfortunately, education, which was expected to correct these defects of the negro mind, has only made them worse. The young negro, in addition to disliking work, learns to despise it; and, as he has not conceived the idea of preferring his claim to the estates of the white inhabitants, he is forced to supply the necessities of his easy life by petty theft. But, idle and thievish as the negro of the present day is, he is the same jocund, laughing, reckless being that he is everywhere else, when not warped and soured by political teachings.

Our author speaks thus of the mixed—or mulatto—races:—

I have been told that, as a class, the Mulattos are exceedingly corrupt; that, as witnesses in court, perjury is almost openly for the highest bidder; that in the definition of the words right and wrong, they allow themselves, on all subjects, a far wider latitude than the unadmixed race. I know not, but if they do, is there not an excuse for them which the others cannot share? Have they not sprung from vice? Was not their very origin a want of principle? During a long series of years no white man thought it in any way incumbent upon him to marry the black mother of his children; and even now, I believe it is the exception to the rule.

It is curious that, allowing this premiss, he deduces the inference that the future rulers, magistrates, judges, and proprietors of the colony ought to come from this race. If so, it will be a bad look-out for the island. The whole question is beset with difficulties, and it is impossible to speak fully about it without wounding the feelings of some person or other. We believe the prevalent impression on the minds of those who have lived long in tropical colonies to be that continued intermarriages between mulattoes, particularly between mulattoes who are each removed in equal degrees from white and black, are not likely to be fruitful, and that intermarriages between the descendants of these persons must ultimately be sterile. Some who speak with a knowledge of this class declare that the mulatto race must die out unless recruited by alliances between white men and negro women, alliances which are becoming rarer than they were. The alternative is absorption into one or other of the two constituent races. On the whole, moral and physical conditions seem to fight against the future ascendancy of the mulattoes, who, gifted as they may be with quick and active intelligence, are feeble in frame, and sensitive, conceited, and impulsive in character. Some of their best trained men are very good indeed, but do not seem to exercise as much influence as they ought over the opinions or the conduct of their fellows.

There seem to be two attractions in Mauritius which counter-balance the drawbacks of bad servants and distance from England; one is a beautiful climate, the other is beautiful scenery. Our author is no poet; but even from his prosaic pages we gather how great an enjoyment it must be in a bright fine May evening to lounge in a verandah, a gentle breeze fanning one's face, the thermometer standing at 70 degrees, and the clear unclouded sky bright with the beauty of the Milky Way and the glory of the Southern Cross. Then what an idea it gives one of a luxuriant Flora, to read of verandahs and door lintels overhung with clustering stephanotis and wax-flowers; of groves of jambrosa and hibiscus; of hedges of aloe and vacoa; of avenues of palm trees and casuarinas! How charming must be those evening drives home from Port Louis over the Western Hills, under trees rich with blossom and prodigal of fragrance, the grotesque peaks of the volcanic mountains glowing with the amber and violet tints of a tropical sunset! Then, again, how enjoyable must be the shooting excursions into the primeval forest, where there still linger remnants of the deer which once monopolized the centre of the island! How cordial that primitive hospitality which the French *habitans* still pride themselves on extending towards all strangers who penetrate into their remote settlements! Nor can we help suspecting that the French planter is a much more sensible fellow than his English neighbour. While the latter is cursing the climate, the servants, and the food, brooding over what he is silly enough to deem his hard lot in being exiled from England, and absorbed in the task of amassing sufficient money wherewith to buy a stuck-up ill-built house in Tyburnia, and parade his family in the Park during the season; the Frenchman, more grateful for the good which he enjoys, utilizes every resource of soil, climate, and scenery, builds his chateau at the foot of a shady mountain, or on the confines of a wooded ravine, or by the soft and winsome beauty of a tranquil bay; gathers his belongings

about him, brings from Paris the bijouterie of his *salon* and the decorations of his bed-room, and sets to work to make life comfortable. While the Englishman is swearing at the privations of his enforced exile, the Frenchman is alleviating them by care, diligence, and providence. Between the daily visits to the sugar-house he is occupied with procuring food or directing its preparation. Nowhere in the world are there better breakfasts. Nowhere is there more hearty hospitality. The sea provides fish of great variety. These make excellent *bouillie braisee*, to which additional piquancy is given by the *piments*, of which different kinds abound. Then turkeys grow to a size and a flavour rarely known in England. Add to these a curried fowl and a bottle of cooled claret, and the breakfast of the French *habitant* merits all praise. Nor is its savour impaired by the reflection that Madame and her daughters have taken a personal interest in its concoction. Neither, as we gather from our author, are French hospitalities confined to the country. The houses in Port Louis exhibit a *rus in urbe*. Detached, and surrounded by gardens, they luxuriate in flowers and shrubs. In the evening their saloons are lighted up, and music and dancing reward the unceremonious visits of friendly neighbours. The Creole ladies are famous for that charm of manner which is inspired by self-possession, simplicity, and good nature.

Such are the enjoyments of a colony in which English wealth and French refinement have combined to turn the prodigal gifts of nature to account, and to reproduce the comforts and civilization of European life. We only regret that the pen of Mr. Boyle has not done justice to the beauties of the colony, or his own appreciation of them. We cannot, however, conclude without expressing the hope that the horrible details which he has given of the neglect of all sanitary provisions in Port Louis may awake the conscience of its municipal rulers, and urge them to take some means for preventing a recurrence of that frightful epidemic which has recently avenged their disgraceful indifference to the laws of cleanliness and health.

STUDIOUS WOMEN.*

THE name of Mgr. Dupanloup has long been familiar to educated Englishmen, not only as one of the most eloquent of living Frenchmen and far the most eloquent of the French Bishops, but also as the leading representative of a school of religious thought peculiar to modern France. Like his friend, Count Montalembert, and the late *père* Lacordaire, he represents the seemingly impossible combination of an ardent Ultramontanist with a not less ardent liberalism. Lacordaire was the most genuinely liberal, and therefore the least inconsistent, of the three; and during his latter years, spent in making "a French Eton" of the school at Sorèze, he took little part in politics, directly or indirectly. But even he was prepared to defend the temporal power while advocating general principles entirely at issue with its modern claims. Montalembert and Dupanloup, the latter especially, have been vehement in the assertion of those claims and the denunciation of all who oppose them. Yet it would not be true to say that their profession of liberalism is a mere blind. Experience abundantly proves that Frenchmen find devotion to "the principles of '89" compatible with very arbitrary restrictions on the liberty of the subject, as we understand it, at home, and with a strenuous maintenance of despotic government abroad, where the interests of France are supposed to require it. Thiers and Guizot are as unwilling as their Catholic fellow-countrymen to let Italy have Rome for a capital. It is very characteristic of Mgr. Dupanloup that, while he left no stone unturned to prevent the issue of the too famous Encyclical of 1864, he was one of the first to accept the *fait accompli* when once the anachronism had been perpetrated. He even received the thanks of the Pope for his elaborate defence of the document which he had done his best to strangle at its birth; but then it was clear enough, to all who could read between the lines, that the real object of his brilliant exposition was not so much to explain as to explain away what grated on the ear of the public. In his last *brochure* he has set himself an easier and less invidious task. It is not difficult, indeed, to gather from its pages why he has never been made a Cardinal; Ultramontane as he is, his is not the sort of Ultramontanist that Rome delights to honour. But the book is in no sense controversial, and deals with a subject where Catholic and Protestant, French and English, may meet on common ground.

The title does not appear to us happily chosen. *Studious Women* is uncomfortably suggestive of "blue-stockings"—we need not be afraid to use a word which occurs constantly in the book—and the author is careful to assure us that he does not mean anything of the kind. Nor does he. The text of his disquisition is a passage from De Maistre, whose conservative instincts seem to have been even more strongly pronounced in questions of domestic than of political economy. According to him, a girl who wishes to be like a man becomes a monkey, and wishing to be like a man includes the desire to understand anything beyond what Mgr. Dupanloup expressively terms "futilities." She may be allowed to learn "that Pekin is not in Europe, and that Alexander the Great did not ask the hand of a niece of Louis XIV.;" and she may also be allowed, in a vague way, to admire and love the beautiful. But there we must draw the line. A girl is "insane" who attempts to paint in oils, still worse if she aspires to be a writer, on account of her "incapacity for

excelling in literature generally." In short, after mastering the rudiments of history and geography already referred to, she is given up to a rôle of perpetual gossip, with the inevitable result, as the Bishop puts it, of missing her vocation, and wasting her talents, if she has any, "futilizing" her husband, and securing the indifference or contempt of her children. Yet De Maistre agrees, with his critic, that the true mission of woman is to make her sons men, or, in his own words, to make them "brave lads who believe in God and do not fear cannon," which is but a modern reading of the Persian scheme of education—teaching boys to shoot with a bow, and ride a horse, and speak the truth. But we had better let the Bishop explain for himself what is, in his mind, the proper scope and aim of female education. Few, at least of his English readers, will be disposed to quarrel with the end proposed, whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the best means of attaining it. He lays down then, in the following passage, what is intended to be the practical upshot of his treatise:—

What I should wish to see above all things is, not a race of learned women, but—what is necessary to their husbands, their children, and their households—intelligent, judicious women, capable of sustained attention, well versed in everything that is useful for them to know, as mothers, mistresses of households, and women of the world; never despising any labour of the hands, and at the same time not only knowing how to occupy their fingers, but their minds also, and to cultivate their souls and their whole being. And I must add, that what is to be dreaded as much as the very worst of scourges is the frivolous, fickle, effeminate, idle, ignorant, pleasure-loving woman, devoted to dissipation and amusement, and consequently opposed to all exertion and to almost all duty; incapable of all studious pursuits, of all consecutive attention, and therefore not in a condition to take any real share in the education of her children, or the affairs of her husband and her household.

The question is, how to secure this desirable consummation? A great part of M. Dupanloup's book is taken up with telling us how not to secure it; in other words, with describing the actual system in vogue among French ladies of the higher classes. But there is a previous objection, or rather prejudice, against learned women to be met, which professes to rest on the high authority of Molière, though the Bishop insists that Molière no more sneered at learning in his *Femmes Savantes* than at piety in *Tartuffe*, but only satirized the semblance of either, pedantry and hypocrisy. The Regent and Louis XV. are, according to him, the real authors of this fatal prejudice. However, he proceeds to meet it by a series of examples of learned women in all ages, where it is only fair to observe that the Pagan Hypatia and the Protestant Madame de Staël stand side by side with Catholic saints. Indeed, Mgr. Dupanloup does not scruple to appeal from the Vulgate to the "English Protestant version" of a verse from St. Paul's Epistles (a wrong reference is given in the note) which is more to his purpose, besides being a more correct translation. His account of the futility and *coquetterie* of French women may be highly coloured, but it seems to be drawn from the life. It certainly reminds one strongly of the heroine of an average French novel. Not that the race of "foolish virgins," as the author calls them, is by any means unknown on this side of the British Channel. The following description might apply to many a fair aspirant for the honours of a London season:—

A woman knows all the famous actors and horses, she knows by heart the performers at the Opera and the *Variétés*; the stud-book is more familiar to her than Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation;" last year she betted for *La Touque*, this year for *Vermuth*, and she is sure that *Bois Roussel* is full of promise; she is enthusiastic about the *Derby*, and the triumph of *Fille de l'Air* she considers as a national victory. She knows the name of the most celebrated milliners, the fashionable saddler, and the shop which has the greatest vogue. She will weigh the respective merits of the stables of the Comte de la Grange, the Duc de Morny, or of Monsieur Delamarre. . . . She can only entertain young women and frivolous young men. Equally incapable of talking on business, art, politics, agriculture, or the sciences, she can neither converse with her father-in-law, her clergyman, or with any man of a serious mind. And yet, the first talent of a woman is to be able to converse with everybody.

But we have not yet come in England to a girl of good position being warned against marrying a man who has a profession, or at least insisting on his quitting his profession at twenty-eight, or sooner, being made a condition of the marriage settlement. This, it means, is the first step taken by a fashionable wife in France to "futilize" her husband. And certainly, as the Bishop observes, "no zeal or ambition can be proof against the determination to give up one's profession at five- or eight-and-twenty." But this is not all. She positively insists on his doing nothing; if he takes up a book, she buzzes about him, or begins to pout; if he writes, she is still more indignant. "She puts on her bonnet, comes in and out, sits down, gets up, looks in the glass repeatedly, takes up her gloves, and ends by an explosion." We cannot wonder if her husband ends by sinking down to her level, or perhaps below it. It is just the same with her children; her one fear is that they should learn too much, as we have heard of English mammas who are in a chronic state of alarm about the studious martyrdom of the young athlete who has narrowly escaped plucking for his little-go at Oxford. In general society her influence, so far as she has any, is equally debasing. Six or seven hours a day are spent in gossip about her neighbours, which at once compromises charity and enfeebles the minds of those who join in it. And as her sons owe to her their exclusive taste for the stable-yard and the race-course, her servants learn idleness from her example. It is a common complaint that there are no good servants now, but that is simply because they follow at a distance, but instinctively, the example of their masters. The accomplishments of the fashionable woman are as skin-deep as her learning. She has no æsthetic sentiment,

* *Studious Women*. From the French of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. Translated by R. M. Phillimore. London: Virtue & Co. 1868.

no love for the beautiful; she aspires to nothing but mechanical perfection, and her music is at best "a brilliant noise which does not even soothe the nerves." Mozart and Beethoven are an abomination to her; and as her education has long since been finished—which means that henceforth she is to learn nothing—there is no hope for her in the future. It might be supposed perhaps that religious teaching would be a remedy for this state of things. But Mgr. Dupanloup is emphatic in repeating that what passes ordinarily for such in France is quite inadequate for the purpose. What he says goes far to explain how it is that there seems hardly any alternative, among French ladies, between a career of fashionable folly or vice and the pietism of a "dévoté." He wishes it to be clearly understood that devotion, accompanied by a purely material or worldly life, produces women resourceless in themselves, and often insupportable to their husbands and children; and that a religious education, as such (he is probably thinking of convent schools), seldom gives any serious taste for mental labour. A Christian woman needs more than this; she must have real piety; and that means "the intelligent comprehension and courageous discharge of every duty" towards her husband, her children, and her servants, as well as herself. For these are the main concerns of a woman who rightly understands her vocation in life.

In his criticism of the evils to be remedied, and his statement of the objects women should set before them, Mgr. Dupanloup leaves little to be desired. Where he is less satisfactory, or at least less explicit, is in his practical advice about how to reach the object aimed at. Yet his advice is, for the most part, excellent as far as it goes. Women, he thinks, should read the best literature, especially historical literature, and, above all, should study the history of religious facts in their connexion with other facts of modern history—as a safeguard, we presume, against narrowness of religious views. They should cultivate the arts, and by all means become authoresses, if so gifted and disposed; only a female writer ought always to remain a woman. Nor is a woman to be precluded from studying science, and the Bishop has no objection even to her knowing something about drainage and manure. At all events, she ought to know enough about whatever interests her husband to be able to *listen* intelligently to him; and to listen well has been called "the first of the liberal arts." If possible, she should secure two or three hours a day for intellectual cultivation, and for this purpose she must have a regular and methodical plan of life, and take care to avoid late hours and rise early in the morning. This is the sum of the Bishop's recommendations, and we have little fault to find with them; only there are many married women who cannot easily secure two or three hours a day for study, and after all these suggestions had been complied with, a wife might still be "futile," if not exactly frivolous. Mgr. Dupanloup hardly makes sufficient allowance for the real difference of type between the sexes. Sympathy, rather than a full intellectual comprehension, is what a husband desires in his wife. Let her by all means cultivate her talents and her tastes, and eschew that moral littleness which comes of a vacant mind. But in many things she must still be content to say, and her husband will be quite content that she should say, "I cannot understand, I love." The true cure for the evils which Mgr. Dupanloup so eloquently delineates and deplores lies even more in the training and development of character than in the cultivation of a higher intellectual standard. But the two, of course, act and react on each other, and he will have achieved a more solid triumph than any of his polemical successes if he can persuade his countrywomen to lay to heart what he has told them.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

NO history, however minute in its details or graphic in its style, ever gives so clear an insight into the real life of a nation and the daily course of its politics, affords so true and living a picture of the action of public men, the movement of public affairs, the character and the habits of those by whom history is made, as the well-written biography of an eminent statesman who has borne an active part in the politics of his time. And there are few periods of history for which such illustration is more desirable or more welcome than that of the American Union during the first half of the present century. The main features of that period—the actual course of events, the outward surface of the national life, the mere results, so to speak, of party conflicts and popular movements—are known to all tolerably well-informed men; but of the inner story of the times, the undercurrents of feeling and opinion, the hidden springs by which the Government and the nation were moved, comparatively little is understood by English readers. And yet without understanding these it is impossible justly to appreciate the more striking events of our own time—the vast and momentous change which came over the face of American politics between 1850 and 1860, and the present relations of the States and the Federal Government, of parties and sections, of the many incongruous elements whereof the nation is composed. If we look merely at the external course of events, there seems to have been a great and sudden revolution in the ideas and passions of the people, a break between the past and present, for which no adequate cause appears. It is only when we look beneath the surface, from the actions of the Government to the motives which produced them, from the votes of Congress to its debates, from compromises to the fierce struggles which preceded them, and to the bitter enmities revealed by the private correspondence of the combatants, that we become aware how far back the war of sections may be traced; at how very early a

period in the life of the Union the jealousies between North and South were in full activity, the anti-slavery agitation set on foot by the leading men of Massachusetts, and the contempt and dislike of the Virginian and Carolinian chivalry for the Yankee Puritan and trader manifested and resented even on the floor of Congress. The biography of Josiah Quincy, written by his son*, is not in other respects a work of peculiar merit; but it is full of letters from the most prominent and influential of Mr. Quincy's contemporaries, of speeches in Congress and elsewhere, of extracts from the diary in which Mr. Quincy recorded his daily impressions in regard to the political contests wherein he took part, revealing all the passion, prejudice, and extravagance of party spirit as they influenced men at the instant, and not as they seem to men looking back upon them with the calmness of subsequent reflection. Few books have ever been published better calculated to throw light upon the political temper of the day, and the real character of a generation which recent writers have invested with a halo of imaginative reverence as far superior to their successors, not only in ability and judgment, but in dignity, honesty, self-respect, public principle, and political moderation. The author of course writes of his father and his father's friends with a devout and reverent admiration; yet the impression which the book will leave upon the mind of a thoughtful and candid reader will not tend to enhance the reputation hitherto enjoyed by the Federalists for statesmanlike wisdom, personal dignity, moderation, and high-breeding. We find that party passions ran quite as high at the very commencement of the Union as they did at any subsequent time before they actually exploded into civil war on the plains of Kansas. Even Washington was reviled by an extreme section of his opponents as fiercely as Lord North by Fox or Pitt; and Jefferson, in his turn, was denounced by the Federalists in language only less intemperate than that applied by Messrs. Stevens, Butler, and Ashley to President Johnson. The annexation of Louisiana was the subject of declamation no whit less angry, and ten times more unreasonable, than that called forth by the annexation of Texas; and on the same ground—namely, that the North desired to keep all the advantage to be derived from territorial extension to itself, and having obtained from Virginia the monopoly of her vast North-western lands, could not endure that the South should find room for extension in the only direction where it was possible. It is curious to find an American writer of the present day so blinded by filial reverence as to speak approvingly of arguments which were openly directed to make the Mississippi the western boundary of the United States. And it is also noteworthy that from the very first commencement of sectional jealousies all Northern partisans seem to have been as unconscious as they remained to the last of the obligation imposed upon them, by their voluntary union with slaveholding States, to regard slavery, in all political questions, not from a moral, but from a constitutional point of view, as the law of one section of the Confederacy, entitled to equal and impartial treatment in all Federal transactions. Of any respect for such obligations, of any idea that the Southern States had equal rights in the common territory, of any notion that the North ought either loyally to fulfil her engagements or loyally to renounce the Union, there is no more trace in the letters and speeches of Mr. Quincy than in those of Mr. Sumner. And in intemperance of feeling, in violence of language, in the disregard of that strict courtesy which a man who, in a duelling society, refuses to fight a duel is bound to observe, the former leader of the Massachusetts Federalists is not much better than his present successor. In another respect Mr. Quincy coincided with the Republican leaders of the present generation. He lived to witness the civil war, and, like them, he warmly approved it. Yet, like them, he had in strong terms asserted the right of secession and the sovereignty of the States. In a speech delivered at Boston in 1813 he asserted distinctly that the allegiance due to the State was "original, inherent, native, and perpetual," that due to the Union derivative, "transferred, limited, and conditional"; that the violation of the principles of the Union would suffice to relieve the citizen from this latter obligation, and that the States individually were the sole competent judges whether or not that violation had occurred. What more could be required for the vindication of the Southern Secessionists, and the complete acquittal of Mr. Davis? Mr. Quincy's private and public life was that of a high-minded and honourable man, unsoiled by the corruption and jobbery now so flagrant and so general; he maintained an independence unknown among American politicians of this generation, and he was preserved by the education of a scholar and a gentleman from the vulgar ribaldry which finds place in too many of their harangues. In other respects he was but the predecessor of the present Radical leaders, and his hatred of the South and his injustice to political opponents were scarcely less violent than theirs.

A really impartial, thoughtful, philosophic treatise on the principles of constitutional government, as applied in, and illustrated by, the American Constitution, would be a most useful and interesting work. The theory of federal government is in itself worthy of attentive and profound study; the peculiar form in which it exists in the United States presents special problems of a novel and very intricate character, and affords examples of political errors and difficulties, as well as of means of dealing with new political situations, to be found in the history of no other nation. But, on the other hand, there are few subjects on which it is so absolutely necessary that the writer should not be biased

* *Life of Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts.* By his Son, Edmund Quincy. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

by the prejudices of a political partisan. For the questions by which American parties have been divided have turned, directly or indirectly, upon the interpretation of those parts of the Constitution which are most novel in their character, and present the most curious problems to the student of constitutional principles; and partisans are apt, therefore, for the sake of their party doctrines, to slur over or misinterpret precisely those points on which a philosophic inquirer would bestow the chief care and the deepest investigation. The attempt to combine in one system two distinct classes of authority, each sovereign within its sphere, is the peculiarity of the American Government which has given rise to the most remarkable consequences, and from whose results the most instructive lessons may be derived; but it is scarcely possible for an American politician to write on this subject in such a way as to bring out fairly the essential features of the case. The Republican can hardly do justice to the sovereign character of the States without condemning by implication the whole public life of his party; the Conservative is tempted to ignore the vast difference purposely introduced by the Convention between the Confederate Power which they superseded and the Federal Power which they created—a difference more obvious in the Constitution itself, and in the commentaries of later jurists, than in the apologies of its framers. The work which has suggested these remarks* is a very lengthy and very elaborate exposition of American constitutionalism, especially as compared with the typical constitutional monarchy of Great Britain; and in many respects it is thoughtful, candid, and valuable. But that which should have been its chief and most valuable function—the explanation of the reasons which led the founders of the Constitution to vest sovereign power in no one attainable and ascertainable body, and of the consequences which have flowed from that unprecedented arrangement—is wholly neglected; and the motive of the neglect is visible at the very outset. Full of the strong prejudices of the Northern conquerors against the doctrine upon which secession was founded, the author disregards all that the founders of the Union expressly admitted, all the reserves and explanations by which the acceptance of the States was guarded, and twists the preamble of the Constitution into the assertion of the absolute sovereignty of the people of the United States—that is, of a majority of them. Now nothing can be more certain than that no such sovereignty exists. A majority of the people is powerless to alter a letter of the Constitution—powerless even to pass a law, of its own sole authority. A majority of the States, represented in the Senate, may negative a Bill passed by over so large a majority of the people, represented in the House. And where an amendment of the fundamental law—the simplest test of sovereignty—is in question, a majority of the people, and a majority of the States, Congress, and the President, are together powerless. There is but one power in the United States that is or can be legally sovereign; that is, that can do any act which it pleases—namely, a majority embracing three-fourths of the States. And as it may very well be that, on any question supposed to call for an exercise of sovereign power, it would be impossible to obtain the accord of three-fourths of the States, it follows that the Constitution does not in fact repose real sovereign power in any actual and ascertainable body whatever. An author by whom this fundamental fact is overlooked can be of little service to readers who appreciate the difficulty of the study of American constitutional law, and really desire to master it; nor could any one trust his guidance upon such minor points as the comparative degrees of sovereignty and right to allegiance vested in the States and in the Union respectively—points in which party interests and party passions are yet more deeply and directly concerned.

† The Negro and the Rebellion † is the title of a work, apparently written by a man of colour, devoted to the glorification of the black soldiers of the Federal army, and full of narratives more or less authentic, intended to prove their equality, in loyalty and courage, with their white comrades. There can be no doubt that negroes will fight well under white officers; and as little that they would have fought as well, had they been called upon, in the cause of the Confederacy as in that of the Union. It is certain that they often showed a stubborn and desperate obstinacy which was not among the characteristic virtues of the Northern troops, and equally certain that they were guilty of atrocities from which even the ravagers of the Shenandoah Valley and the marauders of Sherman's army in South Carolina would have shrunk. The main object of the author appears to be the assertion of the natural equality of the black and white races.

It is a matter of course that a Federal soldier's account of Andersonville and other Southern prisons should be full of horrors. The temper in which the present narrative ‡ is written may be judged from a single passage. Certain prisoners released from Andersonville are received with compassion by the people of Charleston, whereupon the author remarks that "Gilmore's shot and shell"—the wanton bombardment of the inhabited town, five miles from the outer fortifications—had exercised upon them

a civilizing influence! Putting aside all the exaggeration and declamation to be expected from such a writer, there can be no doubt that the Federal captives suffered most severely from close confinement in an inadequate space, from want of shelter and insufficient food. But for their sufferings their own Government was chiefly to blame. It had wantonly repudiated the arrangements under which prisoners were paroled until an exchange could be effected, and put an end to exchanges as soon as the fortune of war made such a course advantageous; and thus forced upon the South the retention of some forty or fifty thousand men whom she had not means to feed or shelter, nor troops to guard. After all, the statistics of the prisons on both sides form a conclusive reply to Northern accusations. The difference between the rates of mortality in Northern and Southern prisons was less than might fairly be expected from the less healthy climate and more limited resources of the Confederate States, so that of wilful ill-usage there must have been at least as much on the one side as on the other. That occasional acts of cruelty should have been committed by Southerners against the captured soldiers of an enemy who had broken through all the restraints of modern civilization, ravaged their country with fire and sword, burnt thousands of defenceless homes, and left women and children to die by hundreds of exposure and starvation, is only too probable. The strange thing is that there should have been no authorized reprisals, no general and systematic vengeance, for the deeds of McNeil, Sheridan, Pope, and Sherman.

Dr. Austin Flint publishes a very interesting and elaborate treatise on the Physiology of Man*, relating chiefly to the alimentary system; the functions of the various organs connected therewith, as ascertained by a number of curious and careful experiments; the nature and value of different sorts of foods, and their effects in nutrition; the processes of digestion and assimilation, and in fact, the whole natural history of the nutrition of the human body. The work is calculated to attract other than professional readers, and is written with sufficient clearness and freedom from technical pedantry to be perfectly intelligible to any well-informed man. Another and much smaller work, on Pathology and Therapeutics †, consists of a series of essays or lectures, most of which have been delivered before a class of medical students, by Dr. Dickson, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Though "Christmas books" appear to be by no means so numerous in America as here, the Transatlantic publishers are not inferior to their English rivals in taste and enterprise, if we may judge from the samples before us. An edition of *Æsop's Fables* ‡ on splendid paper, with type of corresponding size and quality, and illustrations facing every alternate page of letterpress, is equal to anything of the kind that we have seen produced in London. Why the beasts should be dressed up in costume appropriate to the human characters they are supposed to represent, we do not quite understand; the effect is certainly quaint and entertaining, but it appears to convert the fable into something between a fairy-tale and a caricature. We cannot deny, however, that it gives to the illustrations an independent interest and character of their own, and will probably enhance the enjoyment of those who will take up the volume—as children always and adults sometimes do—solely to look at "the pictures." A beautiful volume of American landscapes §, containing a series of descriptive essays, each of them accompanied by an exquisitely executed engraving of some part of the scenery described, will be heartily welcome to all lovers of this kind of art and literature, and will seem to many to render unnecessary the apologetic admission of Washington Irving, in the essay printed by way of introduction to the volume, that the scenery of the New World is, on the whole, decidedly inferior to that of Europe. The *Three Kings of Cologne* ¶ furnish a theme for a smaller but not less admirably executed work; their history, as derived from mediæval legend, being illustrated by excellent photographs of their cathedral, and of some of the more celebrated works of art in which the incidents of their visit to Bethlehem have been depicted. But the most magnificent of these Christmas works is a superb edition of the antique legend of *St. Gwendoline* **, printed in large, clear, modern type on one side only of thick quarto pages, with margins of all the amplitude of a bygone time, and adorned with a brilliantly illuminated title-page, and eight beautiful photographic illustrations. Any one of these volumes is well entitled to rank with the best of that long list of English Christmas books which have lately occupied so many of our columns; and the last is worthy even

* *The Physiology of Man; designed to represent the Existing State of Physiological Science as applied to the Functions of the Human Body.* By Austin Flint, Jun., M.D., Professor of Physiology and Microscopy in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, &c. &c. &c. *Alimentation, Digestion, Absorption; Lymph, and Chyle.* New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

† *Studies in Pathology and Therapeutics.* By S. H. Dickson, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Practice of Physic in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, &c. &c. &c. New York: W. Wood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

‡ *The Fables of Æsop.* With Illustrations by H. L. Stephens. Lithographed by Julius Bien. New York: C. Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

§ *A Landscape Book by American Artists and Authors.* Sixteen Engravings on Steel from Paintings by Cole, Church, Cropsey, Durand, Gignoux, &c. &c. &c. New York: G. P. Putnam. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

¶ *The Three Holy Kings.* With Photographic Illustrations. New York: Hurd & Broughton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

** *The Legend of St. Gwendoline.* With Eight Photographs by Addis, from Drawings by J. W. Ehninger. New York: Putnam. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

* *A Treatise on Government and Constitutional Law; being an Inquiry into the Source and Limitation of Governmental Authority according to the American Theory.* By Joel Tiffany. Albany, N.Y.: W. C. Little. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

† *The Negro in the American Rebellion: his Heroism and his Fidelity.* By William Wells Brown, Author of "Sketches of Places and People Abroad," &c. Boston: Lee and Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

‡ *The Soldier's Story of his Captivity at Andersonville, Belle Isle, and other Rebel Prisons.* By Warner Lee Goss, of the 2nd Massachusetts Regt. of Heavy Artillery. Illustrated by Thos. Nast. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

of the honour of being dedicated—as it is—to the author of the *Idylls of the King*. Of unillustrated books belonging to the same category, we have a very handsome edition of a translation of Dante's *Inferno*, by Mr. Thomas Parsons; *A Lover's Diary*—a series of poems supposed to record the growth of the object of a poet's affections from childhood to womanhood, and the progress of his suit—by Alice Carey; and in a cheaper and simpler class, *Red Letter Days*, a pleasant story-book for children; and *The Ghosts*, a Christmas story.

We can hardly insert a work of Mr. Whittier's among Christmas books, without some express authority from the Quaker poet or his publishers, apparent upon the title-page. But if *Snow Bound*, a Winter Idyll, with its wintry sketches inserted here and there among the letterpress, instead of occupying a page to themselves, be not intended as a Christmas book, it is at least appropriate to the season. Of its quality and merits it would be impossible, in so brief a notice, to speak as they deserve. Mr. Whittier has long since won his right to be read with attention and reviewed with care.

* *The First Canticle (Inferno) of the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*. Translated by Thomas W. Parsons. New York: Putnam. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

† *A Lover's Diary*. With Illustrations. By Alice Carey. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

‡ *Red Letter Days in Applethorpe*. By Gari Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

§ *The Ghost*. By William D. O'Connor. With Two Illustrations by Thomas Nast. New York: Putnam. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

|| *Snow Bound*. A Winter Idyll. By John Greenleaf Whittier. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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Myths of the Middle Ages.	An Old Story, and other Poems.
Victor Jacquemont.	Under Two Flags.
	Scenery and Society in Mauritius.
	Stodious Women.
	American Literature.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—First Appearance of Madame SCHUMANN this Season.—On Monday Evening next, January 27, the Programme will include Schumann's Quartet in A minor, Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, and Beethoven's Sonata in A major (Op. 101) for Piano alone. Pianoforte, Madame Schumann; Violin, Herr Straus; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalist, Miss Julia Elton. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 49 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 29 Ficedilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—MORNING PERFORMANCES, on Saturdays, February 1, 15, 22, 29, March 7, 14, at Three o'clock. Subscription to Sofa Stalls, 10s. for the Seven Concerts. On Saturday, February 1, Madame Schumann, MN. Straus, L. Rier, Henry Blacove, Zerbini, and Piatti, will appear. Vocalist, Madame Sainton-Dulby. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL CONCERTS on Thursday Evenings, Feb. 6, 20, March 6, 13, 20. Choral Concerts on Feb. 13, 27; March 12 and April 2. Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "Midsummer Night's Dream," Music, and "Reformation" Symphony; Cherubini's "Inclina, Domine"; Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia"; Gounod's "Messe Solennelle"; with Selections from Handel, Mozart, Schubert, Bach, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, &c.; Madrigals and Part-Songs, Songs and Glee by Purcell, Arne, Bishop, &c. The most eminent Artists. Professional Band of Sixty. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir.—Tickets (at Popular Prices) and Prospectuses at all Musicellers', and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, at 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s. Gas on dark days.

WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES by British and Foreign Artists, NOW OPEN, at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall. Includes Mrs. BISHAM HAY'S GREAT PICTURE, "THE FLORENTINE PROCESSION."—Admission, 1s.

GUSTAVE DORE'S GREAT PAINTINGS are NOW ON EXHIBITION at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Open daily, from Eleven a.m. till Six p.m.—Admission, 1s. Season Tickets, available for Three Months, 5s. The Hall is lighted up Day and Night.

"THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS" and "THE STORM" by A. BRISTOL. The two grandest Landscape Paintings in Modern Art. Sold for £2000, and lately Exhibited to Her Majesty by Royal Command. ON VIEW for a limited period at T. McLEAN'S New Gallery, 7 Haymarket.—Admission, 1s.

ON VIEW, Mrs. CAMERON'S PHOTOGRAPHS, till 25th February only, at the German Gallery, 105 New Bond Street. Entrance Free, on presentation of your own Card. From Ten a.m. till Ten p.m.

KENSINGTON PROPRIETARY SCHOOL. Patron.—The Rt. Hon. and Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of LONDON. President.—The Venerable Archdeacon SINCLAIR, Vicar of Kensington. Head-Master.—The Rev. J. B. MAYOR, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Second-Master.—The Rev. G. FROST, M.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. Assisted by Sixteen other Masters in Classics, Mathematics, English Literature, Modern Languages, &c.—Particulars as to Admission, Terms, &c., may be obtained from the Head-Master, 27 Kensington Square, W.; or by letter to the Secretary, the Rev. J. P. GILL, M.A., 23 Kensington Square, W. School Reopened Thursday, January 23, 1868.

ÉGLISE CATHOLIQUE APOSTOLIQUE, Gordon Square, W.C., Près d'Euston Square, à trois heures et demie du Soir.

CONFÉRENCES en FRANÇAIS sur l'ÉGLISE CHRÉTIENNE par M. l'abbé C. MASSIOT, Ancien Vicaire de Paris, et Chanoine d'Évreux.

Le Dimanche, 26 Janvier.

L'ÉGLISE—TEMPLE DU SAINT-ESPRIT.

Le Dimanche, 2 Février.

L'ÉGLISE—CORPS DE CHRIST.

Le Dimanche, 9 Février.

L'ÉGLISE—ÉPOUSE DE L'AGNEAU.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION for LADIES, Tufnell Park, Camden Road, London. The present TERM opened January 24. Fee for Residents in Finishing School, Sixty Guineas per annum; Fee for Residents in Middle School, Forty Guineas per annum; Fee for Residents in Elementary School, Thirty Guineas per annum; Payment reckoned from Entrance. Governess Students received. Certificates granted. For Prospectuses, with List of Rev. Patrons and Lady Patronesses, address Mrs. Moss, Lady Principal, at the College.

THE CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, S.—Head-Master, Rev. ALFRED WRIGLEY, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., of St. John's College, Cambridge, and of the late Royal Military College, Addiscombe. Special Department: PUPILS are specially prepared for scholarships of Oxford and Cambridge; the Indian Civil Service; Woolwich, Sandhurst, and Direct Commissions; Home Civil Service. The First Place on the Sandhurst Examination List has been obtained Three times out of Five by the Pupils of this Department. Pupils assembled on January 15.

TUNBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—The Rev. J. LANGHORNE, A.M., Assistant-Master, takes BOARDERS for this School at moderate terms. This School offers very great advantages.

RAMSGATE COLLEGE SCHOOL.—The TERM for 1868 will commence January 28.—A Prospectus of the Terms, with full particulars of the Honour List, may be obtained on application to the Principal, the Rev. Dr. P. STANLEY, Clapham House, Ramsgate.

UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.—The LOWER SCHOOL, for the Preparation of BOYS between the ages of Eight and Twelve, will be opened at the end of the term, H. J. HOSKINS, or the Head-Master.

COLFE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Lewisham Hill, Blackheath. Head-Master—Rev. T. BRAMLEY, M.A., Queen's Coll. Oxford. A sound CLASSICAL EDUCATION with modern Subjects.—For Terms, &c., apply to the Head-Master.

EDGECOMB HOUSE, Newbold Terrace, Leamington.—PUPILS prepared for the Military and Civil Examinations, and Public Schools. A Class formed for Sandhurst for December 1868. Next Term commences February 1. Number of Pupils small. Magnificent House, in the best situation.—Apply, for Prospectus and Examination Papers, to the PRINCIPAL.

GREENHILL SCHOOL, Moseley, near Birmingham (to Miss THURP'S).—Preparatory School for YOUNG GENTLEMEN proceeding to the Public Schools and to First-Class Private Schools. The new School House being now completed, Mr. E. MAY DAVIS begs to notify that his Pupils will assemble there instead of at the old House, on the 1st of February.

CLAPHAM COMMON.—EDUCATION for YOUNG LADIES.—On Monday the 27th, CLASSES will be resumed by Mrs. GILL and the following Professors: Singing.—Miss M. J. HOSKINS.—The Pianoforte.—Mr. Walter Macfarren, R.A.M. The Organ and Sacred Choral Music.—Mr. W. H. Monk, Organist of King's College. Drawing and Painting.—Mr. Mulready. The German Language, Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Physical Geography.—Herr Adolphe Sonnenschein. French.—Mademoiselle de Gaspary. French Examiner.—M. Alphonse Mariette, M.A., King's and Queen's Colleges. Italian.—Signor Volpi, University and Eton College. Latin.—Rev. J. E. Brougham, M.A. Dancing and Calisthenics.—Mrs. Marshall-Burch, Queen's College. Writing.—Mr. E. Hardy. 17 Cedars Road, Clapham Common.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—CANDIDATES intending to present themselves at the OPEN COMPETITION, commencing on March 31, are reminded that Certificates of Birth, Health, and Character should be sent to the Office of the Civil Service Commissioners on or before February 1.

CIVIL SERVICE and ARMY.—Mr. W. M. LUPTON (Author of "English History and Arithmetic for Competitive Examinations") has GENTLEMEN preparing for all Departments of both Services. Address, 11 Beaufort Buildings, Strand.

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